The Enterprise.

VOL. 1. BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896. NO. 19.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
9:15 A. M. Daily.
1:04 P. M. Daily.
2:47 P. M. Daily.
4:23 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.

7:20 A. M. Daily.
8:49 A. M. Daily.
11:16 A. M. Daily.
12:25 P. M. Daily.
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).
6:02 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every twenty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	9:00	3:00
" South	10:00	6:45

MAIL CLOSES.

No. 5. South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14. North.....9:50 a. m.
No. 13. South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6. North.....6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.

Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City

TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City

ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City

SHERIFF
Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City

AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City

SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Sarah E. Boland to A. J. Pattison, lot 4, block 1, San Mateo..... $ 10
L. T. Haskell to Herbert R. Gregg, easterly ½ lot 8, block 28, City Extension Homstead..... 10
R. M. Lindsay to Margaret B. Lindsay, 1½ acres East Greenwood Tract, deed of gift.
Louis E. Wilson to Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, two-twenty sevenths of land heretofore described..... 600
H. A. Thompson to Johannah Thompson, lot 8, block 1, Abbey Homestead..... Gift
Victor Olsen to Wm. W. Marrin, lot 1, blk 168, Abbey Homestead..... 10
F. E. Luty and wife to Victor Olsen. lot 1, block 168, Abbey Homestead..... 10
Thos. Roche to Margaret Roche, lots 22 and 24, block 6, and lot 25, block 9, Baden. Gift.
B. Gost and wife to Julia McDonough, lot 15, block 29, Villa Homestead..... 200
S. G. Murphy to A. Walrath, G. Edwards and J. V. Hunter, lots in Abbey Homestead..... 10
Jacob Heyman and wife to Albert Horneyer and wife, part of lot 29, block 2, Castle Tract..... 10
Samuel L. Theller to Abbey Land & Im provement Co, lots in Abbey Homestead. 10
Florence Theller to Samuel Theller, lots in Abbey Homestead..... 10
J. V. Hunter and wife to Abbey Land and Imp't Co., lots in Abbey Hd..... 10

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.

J. J. Chappreld to John M. Cunningham, lots 41 and 42, tract B, Mezes ranch..... 1,500
A. J. Pattison to San Mateo Co. B. & L. Assn, lot 4, block 1, San Mateo..... 1,400
Fred. C. Valladao to Roth & Co., part of lot 12, block 12, Spanishtown..... 500
N. Hansen to Eliza Beck, 50 acres, Woodside..... 1,000

Senator Perkins has introduced a bill providing for high license in Alaska. The bill is modeled after the Pennsylvania law, and is practically the same as that introduced by Perkins in the last Congress. Alaska now has prohibition, but the Governor of that Territory, in his recent report, stated that it is impossible to enforce such a law. The bill provides for a license of $600 per year in towns of 1000 population or over, and $400 for towns of less size. The money so raised will be devoted to a public school fund, and for maintaining public roads. Only those who hold licenses will be permitted to import liquor into the Territory or to manufacture it.

The Supreme Court of Washington has decided that all delinquent taxes and all taxes assessed for county purposes on the tax rolls and all cash in the Treasurer's hands are assets. This decision will be productive of good results in the financial affairs of several of the counties in the North.

The Thorsen and Cassidy Company, wholesale dealers in bicycles, made an assignment to the Security Title and Trust Company. Their assets amount to $2,060,000 and their liabilities to $160,000.

ALONG THE COAST.

The News of the Slope Condensed for the Busy Reader.

NOTES BOTH BY MAIL AND BY WIRE.

A Brief Resume of Important Happenings in Coast States That Will Interest Everybody.

More oil has been discovered at Summerland near Santa Barbara.

A large acreage is being put into sugar beets at Anaheim at the present time.

A new postoffice has been established in Siskiyou county on Thompson creek. It is called Nolton.

Tracy is infested with an army of tramps. The citizens armed themselves to drive the hobo camp to the outskirts.

There is a project for a competing freight line from San Francisco to Guaymus and points in Mexico and Arizona.

The canning pack at Astoria for 1895 amounted in value to $4,000,000; the wages paid out for this one industry alone was $1,400,000.

The Board of Education of Berkeley have voted to hold an election for the issue of school bonds to the extent of $60,000 to be held April 4th.

Quite a number of Tacoma houses have sent agents to Alaska. The interests of other merchants are looked out for by resident business men of Alaska.

The directors of the South Tule ditch of Fresno county will construct a ditch ten miles, which will cover several thousand acres of the finest citrus land in the State.

The boatmen of Stockton intend to have an electric launch run on the channels and the lakes. Storage batteries will be used sufficient for a seventy-mile run.

The citizens of Humboldt county are circulating a petition asking the Board of Supervisors to call a bond election to authorize the issuance of $60,000 in bonds for road purposes.

Casa Loma, Redlands' magnificent new hotel, has been formally opened with a banquet, at which ex-Governor Markham and a number of other distinguished Californians attended.

Some of the shingle mills of Whatcom county are resuming operations, after being shut down about two months, and logging is becoming active again along Lake Whatcom.

A wave motor has been patented by a Santa Ana inventor. It will be built from the end of Newport wharf and will furnish power in the handling of freight to and from vessels lying in the port.

A representative of the Union Iron Works is on his way to Japan to look after the securing of some battle-ship contracts for this coast. There is going to be keen competition when it comes to buiding, according to Henry Scott.

The State rock-crushing plant at Folsom is claimed by the Board of Highway Commisisoners to be self-sustaining. One hundred thousand tons of rock has been sold to the city of Stockton and the city of Sacramento intends to take 150,000 tons more.

Work on the proposed Stockton and Lodi terminal road is still delayed. The grading has not yet been completed but considerable work has been done on it. A contract was drawn up for furnishing cars and a dummy engine but the transaction fell through.

A public meeting in Seattle has organized a movement to put in operation the Pingree potato patch in that city. This is for the benefit of people who are out of work, to enable them with seeds and borrowned tools to support themselves and families in raising vegetables.

The present season promises to be a very lively one for Castle Rock and vicinity. Already extensive preparaitons are being made to put in operation all the shingle and sawmills at an early date that have been shut down the past year or so, and other industries are talked of.

All the cattle in Scott valley, Yreka county, have been sold except one band, the price paid being 5 cents, or about the same as last fall. A better price was anticipated, but the chance of a raise is now very uncertain and can only result from very severe storms during March.

At an important meeting at Knights Landing to discuss drainage a committee was appointed to survey and construct a canal that will drain and reclaim 78,000 acres of land. One scheme was to construct a west side canal, beginning above Colusa and running southeast along the north side of the ridge at Knights Landing. It is estimated that it will cost $780,000.

The new 800-horse power engine at the Los Angeles electric railway company's power house has been running for the past few days, preparatory to putting the Boyle Heights division under electricity. The big engine is now well regulated and within a few days the trolly cars will replace the old cable service.

Articles of incorporation have been filed at Eureka by a company to build and operate a steamer on the route between here and San Francisco as a successor to the Humboldt, wrecked off Point Gorda last September. The incorporators are principally the owners of the old Humboldt, Richard Sweasy, the former managing owner of the vessel, being the heaviest stockholder. The new company will be known as the Hmboldt Steamship Company.

The State engineers have reported two plans for the protection of the city of Petaluma against an overflow of Petaluma and other creeks in times of flood, one involving an outlay of $16,087.40, and the other $2,969.44. The care for the waters of Reservoir, Edwards and Thompson creeks estimated on two systems planned place the cost of one at $34,365, and of the other at $23,949.90.

Portland merchants have started a scheme to recover the Alaska trade, in part, at least. The plan is to charter a steamship of large passenger and freight capacity, load her with goods adapted to the trade, and send her out for business. In this way it is hoped that all persons going north from points tributary to Portland and south of the Columbia river, will patronize the proposed steamship line and purchase their outfits in that city.

The United States Supreme Court has decided the Stanford case in favor of Mrs. Stanford. Justiice Harlan delivered the opinion. He held that individual stockholders were not liable for the government debt of the Central Pacific Railway Company. He said the Congressional Acts of 1862 to 1864 and 1865 regarding Pacific railroads must all be regarded as one law, as the object was the construction of one continuous line, Congress employing different railroad companies only as instruments. Security was given in a government mortgage on the property of the railiroad companies.

The Southern Pacific Company has placed an order with two large Eastern locomotive works for fitfeen engines, to be delivered during the coming summer. Six will be exact counterparts of the big twelve-wheel locomotives now engaged in handling the heavy freight traffic over the mountains. Two of these engines can move 900 tons dead weight, which is equivalent to twenty-seven loaded freight cars, up the heavy mountain grades of the Sierra, whereas the power of two ten-wheel engines of the size until recently in use amounted to only seventeen cars and a caboose. Nine of the engines that have been ordered will be ten-wheelers and will be used for either passenger or freight business.

The development of electrical power by the falls of the Kern river, twelve miles distant from Bakersfield, is being discussed. The Power Development Company has gone to a point twelve miles distant from Bakersfield, where it has carried a large part of the river along the bluffs to a point where the river suddenly drops, so as to give a fall of 200 feet over the bluffs. To carry this enterprise to completion the company has used 8500 feet of flume and 600 feet of pipe line, the pipe being 66 inches in diameter. Among the immedate benefits will be the lighting of Bakersfield by electricity and the operation of a projected street railroad by the same force. It is believed that in about six months the plant will be complete so as to furnish power in Bakersfield. To complete this work with the quadruple circuits will require eighty miles in copper wire, which weighs 60,000 pounds. The paid-up capital of the company is $500,000. It will require $200,000 of this amount to complete the road.

Preparaitons are being made in San Diego for the reception of the members of the National Hotelmen's Association, who will arrive there on their annual excursion on Saturday, April 18th. The itinerary will include five days in northern and central California and nine days in the south. On Monday morning a grand reception is to be tendered them by the Chamber of Commerce and the officers of the municipal and county governments at the Chamer of Commerce, after which they will be driven over the city in carriages. Monday evening the grand annual banquet of the association will be held at the Hotel del Coronado. At this banquet Governor Budd and staff, Major-General Diamond, commander of the State militia, and staff, and the Mayor of every city in the itineracy will be invited to be present, together with the officers of the various chambers of commerce and boards of trades. The excursion will depart on Tuesday morning to attend the Los Angeles fiesta and from there it will go north.

A Tillamook dairyman has made an experimental shipment of butter to China. Under perfect conditions, the butter was landed in fair shape, and was sold so as to realize a better figure than if marketed at home.

Cattle buyers are beginning to arrive in Arizona. Several have been in Wilcox the past week and others have been at Tombstone and Tucson. A few sales have been made.

BRIEF CABLEGRAMS.

Two thousand fresh troops have arrived in Cuba from Spain.

The Nicaragua and the Panama canal company are to pass under the same control.

It is reported that the French and Brazilians have come into collision on the boundary of French Guiana.

There is a movement in England looking to the holding of a National Arbitration Conference in Washington.

Rome is excited over the defeat of the forces of General Baratieri at the hands of the Shoans. Advices put the Italian loss at 3000.

A terrible conflagration has occurred at Asperen, South Holland. Several churches, the Postoffice and fifty buildings have already been destroyed.

The party of Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross, surely have left Turkey for Armenia. Protection has been guaranteed them in their mission of charity.

In the Canadian Senate it was announced lately that owing to recent events the Government will ask for a loan of $3,000,000 to be expended in militia and defense.

Premier Crispi, of Italy, has presented his resignation to the King as a result of the Italian reverses in Abyssinia. The King has accepted the resignation of the Ministers.

During the course of a debate of the sugar bill in the Reichastag it was urged a direct tax on sugar and energetic action against the United States, which, he claimed, did not give fair treatment to German sugar.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

GREEN VALLEY

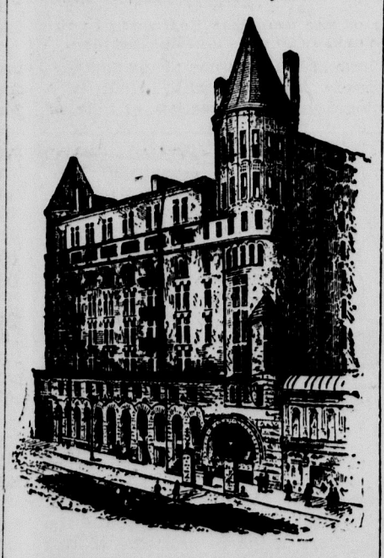
MEAT MARKET.

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class

European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m.....$1.00
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m.....75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

SAN BRUNO

Meat .:. Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

—:o:—

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN. W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

P & B BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

Approved by Architect Maggs of the South S. F. L. & I. Co. Samples Free.

PARAFFINE PAINT CO., 116 Battery St., S. F.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

Averill Mixed Paints

—MANUFACTURED BY THE—

CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 22 JESSIE ST.

Also Manufacturer of Colors in Oil, Putty, Etc., and dealer in Glues, Varnishes, Etc.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries . and . Merchandise . Generally.

—:o:—

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

—:o:—

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE,
206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :-: MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES
CROCKERY,
MEN'S CLOTHING
ETC., ETC., ETC.

:-: Free Delivery. :-:

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Aves

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Propritore.

CAUGHT HIS TRAIN ON HORSEBACK.

A Runaway Locomotive Had Many Sleeping Passengers In Tow.

Early one morning the engineer and fireman of the Santa Fe overland train, bound east, when near Cajon pass, imagined they saw something on the track right ahead. Thinking the train was about to be wrecked they both jumped. The engineer was rather badly hurt, but when the fireman picked himself up out of the dust he found that the engine had made kindling wood of a wagon to which two horses had been attached. Their driver had seen the headlight of the engine and had jumped in time to save himself, and the animals themselves were cropping the dried grass along the roadside, which showed that they had not been greatly disturbed by the accident.

But the train, with nobody at the engine's throttle, was plunging away through the darkness, the passengers asleep in their berths, utterly unconscious that they were being drawn by a wild locomotive.

The fireman, who had been left behind, thought he would try to overtake the flying train on foot. Then he changed his mind and, jumping astride one of the horses, he set out after the runaway train. He knew it must stop shortly, as it had to climb a very steep grade, and if the fire under the boilers was not kept up the supply of steam would not furnish sufficient pressure to keep the wheels going around. The vagrant train did stop a mile and a half from where the accident occurred. There did not seem to be any reason for an interruption of the journey just at that point, and so the conductor and brakeman hurried ahead with their lanterns to ask the engineer what had given out.

When they found the cab empty, of course the trainhands were very much mystified. They asked each other a good many questions, and were engaged in looking up theories to account for the strange disappearance of the engine crew when the fireman came loping along on the horse he had borrowed. After explanation had been made, he turned his horse toward this city and brought the first tidings the railroad people had of the missing train. A hack was sent out to the scene with another engineer, and as soon as steam was raised the overland went on over the hill through Cajon pass. The same carriage brought the injured engineer to the city.—San Francisco Examiner.

ARTISTS AND TRADESMEN.

In the Early Days the Former Had a Struggle to Live.

Among the artists resident in Glasgow who had acquired before 1840 somewhat of a reputation Graham Gilbert, Horatio Macculloch and Daniel Macnee are those most widely known to general fame. To these men fell the prizes of the profession such as they were at that time. Prices were then on a scale that would not please the popular landscape and portrait painters of today.

The smaller men—not very numerous, it is true, and yet some of them most deserving—had a tolerably hard struggle for existence and had to eke out their income by other work than that of regular picture painting. Macculloch and Macnee themselves made money in their younger days by decorating the lids of snuffboxes. The average painter was frequently pretty much of a bohemian, living from hand to mouth and glad to clear off a tradesman's bill by painting the portraits of the worthy shopkeeper and his wife.

One of our best known artists tells how on occasion in the long years ago when he was engaged at a sitter's house on the portraits of a successful clergyman and his family the dinner hour arrived. He was not considered "genteel" enough to be asked to take a place at the table, but the mistress of the house kindly sent to the parlor, where he was working, a pate of stewed rhubarb to keep him from wearying while the family fed.—Magazine of Art.

White House of the Confederacy.

Within a short time the old home of Jefferson Davis in Richmond will be thrown open to the public as a Confederate museum. The "White House of the Confederacy," as it has been called, has been the property of the city for many years and has recently been used as a schoolhouse. A room in the house will be assigned to each of the states that seceded for a collection of relics, and in addition there will be a large room for a general museum and one for a library. The first of the state collections—that of Georgia—has been received. It was presented to the committee by Mr. De Reune on the eighty-sixth birthday of President Davis, June, 1894. Among the relics are the cape, gauntlets and sword of General Lee; the plumes from General Stuart's hat; the spyglasses used by General Beauregard at the battle of Manassas, and the collections from the various soldiers' homes established throughout the south, including the Lee Camp Soldiers' home collection, which contains, in addition to many rare and interesting relics, the skin of Stonewall Jackson's charger. There are also a number of manuscripts and private papers.—New York Tribune.

Brainiest Man on Earth.

"Bunkins, I guess, is about the smartest man of his years in this community," said the citizen who observes.

"Knows a great deal, does he?"

"Knows a great deal? I should say so. Why, sir, that man knows almost as much as his 19-year-old daughter, who is in the high school."—Washington Star.

Women inherit their religious creeds from their mothers, the same as people inherit queer shaped noses, and a tendency to boils.

A CAR'S ESCAPADE.

IT STARTED A NEW BREED OF CATTLE IN THE DELAWARE VALLEY.

Coe Little's Bills and His Train Failed to Agree When He Reached Port Jervis. The Explanation Offered For the Car's Strange Freak.

"It isn't likely that there is any of the Coe Little breed of cattle left in the upper Delaware valley," said a veteran railroad man, "because, by this time, their identity must have been destroyed though mixture with other breeds. It doesn't matter, for there was nothing of particular note about that breed of cattle, except the way they happened to be introduced into that locality.

"In those days live stock transportation was one of the Erie's big items of traffic. Trains half a mile long, loaded with horned cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, used to pass over the road two or three times a day. Such a thing is almost a curiosity nowadays. Coe Little was conductor of one of these stock trains between Susquehanna and Port Jervis. He left Susquehanna one night, in those good old days of railroading, with a long train of cattle cars. Those trains were next to passenger trains in class, and were run over the road a-humming. Conductor Little delivered his train at Port Jervis on time, and handed over his way bills, which he had received at Susquehanna, and on which the number, character and contents of every car in his train were recorded. When the agent at Port Jervis compared Little's train on this voucher, one car was missing. The car was entered on the way bill as having left Susquehanna all right, but it wasn't in the train. Its place, according to the bill, was about in the middle of the train.

"Well, here was a situation. Coe Little declared that every car was in the train when he left Susquehanna, for he had checked the number of each one on the way bill himself. He certainly hadn't delivered the missing car to any one on the way, and he couldn't see how any one could have sneaked in and stolen it, especially as the train had been on the move pretty much all the time between Susquehanna and Port Jervis. A telegram was sent to the agent at Susquehanna, asking for information about the missing car. The reply was that nothing was known there that could throw any light on the subject; quite the contrary, for the agent corroborated Little's report. The car was in the train when it left Susquehanna.

"During the efforts of the puzzled railroad men at Port Jervis to solve the mystery of the lost car, some one discovered that the car that should have been just behind the missing one was coupled to the one that should have been just ahead of it without the aid of a coupling pin, the link being broken in such a way that it had become a hook, which was fast in the pinhole in the coupler of the other car. This didn't help matters a little bit, and rather deepened the mystery.

"They were still deep in efforts to solve the mystery, and a car tracer was about to be sent back over the road to see if he could find the car, when a telegram came from Shohola, a station 16 miles west of Port Jervis. The agent at that station said in effect that somebody's cattle car was astray in a field along the Delaware river just beyond Shohola station, and that somebody had better come and look after it. The wrecking gang was sent up from Port Jervis, and, sure enough, in the middle of a field, 100 feet or more from the railroad, stood the missing cattle car, right as a trivet, except that its doors were open and its cattle gone. To get where it was the car had run down a ten foot embankment, across a wagon road and through a stout rail fence.

"There was only one way to explain the freak of the car in quitting its train so unceremoniously. Going east along that part of the Erie the track is on a heavy down grade. Just before reaching Shohola the coupling pin that held the car to the one ahead of it must have broken. This divided the train in two parts. The head car of the rear part jumped the track, and breaking the link that held it to the car behind it, went on down the bank, getting out of the way of the cars following on the track.

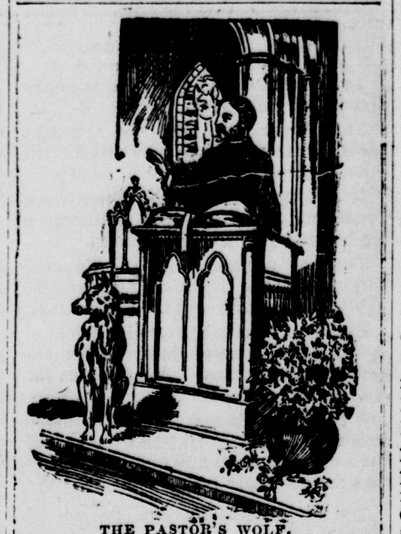
"When the leading section of the divided train got to the foot of the grade, its speed slackened. The hind section caught up with it, and ran into the rear car, but not with force sufficient to do any damage or attract attention. The broken link, then a hook, happened to fall into the pinhole of the coupler ahead of it. The train was thus recoupled and went on to Port Jervis without the loss of a car right out of its very center having been discovered by any one. There is no parallel to this one in the record of mishaps to railroad trains, and it has never ceased to be a wonder to all old time railroad men.

"Well, whether the doors of the fugitive car were broken by the jar and jolt of its trip down the bank, through the fence, and across the lot, or whether the cattle inside kicked them open, I can't say. They were open, and the cattle jumped out. It was winter, and the Delaware river, only a few feet away, was filled with running ice. The cattle must have been in a panic, or must have known that they were in Pike county, Pa., or something of that sort, for they plunged into that icy flood and made their way across the river into Sullivan county, N. Y. Searchers, accompanied by the drover who owned them, found and recovered them all. One cow, a deep red animal with a white star in her forehead, took the fancy of a farmer on whose premises some of the cattle were found, and he bought her. She had twin calves in the spring, each marked exactly like the mother. One was a bull calf, one a heifer. Because of the way in which the stock happened to be there it was called the Coe Little breed, and for some years was a favorite breed among the farmers of that part of the valley."—New York Sun.

PREACHER'S QUEER PET.

Shaggy Wolf Is a Regular Attendant at a New York City Church.

A wolf has crept into the fold of the John Hass Presbyterian Church, on East Seventy-fourth street, New York. It has not come in sheep's clothing, but in a dark, shaggy coat. It presence in the flock does not seem to occasion the least anxiety; in fact, it has become a



THE PASTOR'S WOLF.

universal pet and a favorite with all. The wolf is the pet of Rev. Vincent Pisek, pastor of the church. This peculiar pet was born on a Western prairie, but when he was a very small whelp, and before he had grown fierce enough to be dangerous, he was captured and transported to the quiet church parsonage. Since then the religious influences of his surroundings have completely converted him. He has put away nearly all wolfish things, and at the present day is leading a quiet, exemplary life, and often attends both the church and Sunday school. It is said he sleeps through the sermons.

The wolf was born a heathen. Both of his parents lived and died on the open prairie. Mr. Pisek, while on a hunting trip in the West, shot the parents of Mr. Wolt and captured their cub. He brought the little orphan home with him, and a new life at once began for him. He was given a milk diet, which agreed with him very well, and it time it began to influence his character. Instead of growing up to be snarling and ferocious, his manners became mild and gentle. He soon became accustomed to his civilized home, and enjoyed the rich carpets he walked upon and the warm blankets he slept in every night. Mr. Pisek, in bringing up the wolf in his fold, has been very careful to keep his young charge out of bad company.

In the summer time Mr. Wolf changes his residence to his master's summer home at Lake Hopatcong. This move is always very welcome to Mr. Wolf. He is allowed to run at large about the woods. As a result, however, he is constantly meeting very curious adventures. The pet wolf has often caused great consternation by appearing suddenly before picnic parties or parties alone in the woods. The appearance of his sharp little nose has often broken up a party and caused them to run wildly from him, although his intentions were undoubtedly friendly. On one occasion two girls who were rowing on the lake spied Mr. Wolf on shore and were afraid to land for several hours for fear of encountering the supposedly ferocious animal, which followed them along the bank to play with them.

TOY ROAD IN CHINA.

One of the Smallest Railroads in the World Is in the Celestial Empire.

There is in China one of the smallest railroads in the world. Here is a photographic reproduction of one of

CHINA'S TOY ROAD.

the engines. The gauge is less than two feet, the cylinders are 5x10 inches, the drivers 24 inches diameter, and the water tank holds 90 gallons. If this was the standard-sized engine in this country hardware stores would keep them, same as they do sausage-cutters. Railroad managers would order them by the gross, and locomotive engineers would be thicker than fleas in a dog kennel.—Locomotive Engineer.

A Queen and Mother.

To the English people who know and understand how the daughters and granddaughters of the Queen have been brought up and trained it will not be surprising news that the Czarina has determined to nurse her little baby herself. Her own mother, Princess Alice, like all her sisters, washed and dressed and nursed her babies; the Duchess of Fife has done the same, and the Czarina is only obeying her English as well as her natural mother instincts in declining to have a wet nurse for her infant. Nothing, perhaps, that she could have done will so endear her to the Russian people as this act, which seems perfectly natural to us. No previous empress has ever nursed her children, and the Russians will regard what they take to be an exceptional evidence of devotion to the tiny Grand Duchess as a proof of the Czarina's wish to cherish for them their possible future Empress.—Gentlewoman.

ONE LITTLE HOUR ERE DAY.

The while I sleeping lay
One little hour ere day,
Before my window on the tree
A swallow sang this song to me,
One little hour ere day.

Now listen to my lay,
Thy lover I betray.
The while I sing this song to thee
Another maiden kisseth he,
One little hour ere day.

Oh, me, no further say!
Ah, hush, no more betray!
Fly, swallow, from my sill away.
Ah, love and faith, a dream are they
One little hour ere day.

—Eduard Moerike.

CHOLLY'S STORY.

It was too warm an evening, even for a smoking concert, Cholly said as he came out of his room, attired all in white, looking a perfect picture of manly beauty. Cholly was a blond specimen of the male sex, blue eyed, golden haired, a stalwart representative of the Saxon type. He was 27, well placed as regards this world's wealth and position. Life to him—thanks to old Egerton Bailey, his late father—was a pleasant pastime, the world a charmed play place, where girls worshiped him and men voted him a trump. So much for Cholly, debonair, kind hearted and handsome, who had traveled the world over, making friends wherever he went.

Cholly's prediction that it was too warm even for a smoking concert on this particular evening was verified by the slim attendance there on his arrival. Only eight men out of the 30 expected found their way to the usual rendezvous. By general agreement the music was banished, coats discarded, negligee attitudes assumed, and the eight men amused themselves by relating anecdotes and personal experiences.

"By the way, Cholly," at last a friend said to the blond Adonis, who, sprawled on a sofa, was listening quietly to the conversation, "you're very silent tonight. You've just arrived from the west too. Come, haven't you some blood curdling tale to tell us of western atrocities, cowboy 'breaks' or Coxey outrages? These fellows' stories are stale. We require something spicy to stir us up a night like this."

"Well, I did have an adventure, but its recital won't be spicy, Tracy. I don't think it will be the style you care for."

"Out with it! Out with it!" seven voices simultaneously exclaimed. "Is it a Christian Endeavor story, Cholly?" asked Tracy. "You do look awful solemn."

"No; it's a Sunday school talk," said Andy Vicars, a very young man with a new mustache and a drawl.

"All right," said Cholly quietly; "if you fellows don't be quiet, I won't tell it."

"Go on, Cholly. Don't mind the calves," grunted old Major Poole. "Tell us your story, man."

"It will interest you, major. Doubtless you remember the Donovans of Limerick—pretty Kate, they called one of them. I met them in Dublin."

"Do I remember her? May me eyes fall out of me head if I ever see her likes again—eyes like violets, hair like ink and a skin like peaches and cream. And a figger! God bless you, boys, she had a figger like a goddess. She could ride cross country like a bird. Never saw such a rider before nor since. But, Cholly, me boy, I thought you were 'gone' in that direction. Oh, the pair you'd have made!"

Cholly blushed scarlet; the company exchanged glances. "Seems to me," said Andy Vicars, "that the major's telling this story. Go on, Cholly; hold the platform." So Cholly cleared his throat, as Andy said afterward he seemed mightily upset by the major's remarks, wiped the perspiration from his flushed face and began:

"You see, fellows, my story will have to consist of two parts, the introduction and the sequel. It begins in Ireland four years ago and ends in Canada four days ago. It was in Dublin that I first met Miss Kate Donovan of Limerick. She was a stunner, as the major says, the best cross country rider I ever saw. She was poor as a church mouse and proud as Lucifer. She was an orphan; had been brought up by her uncle, old Peter Donovan. He had three daughters of his own, but none of them could hold a candle to Miss Kate herself. From what I saw during the time I was in Dublin I don't think the trio cared much for pretty Kate; they were jealous of her and took pains to show it in many petty ways, particularly when Captain Gordon, who was considered a matrimonial catch, appeared on the scene and devoted himself to Kate."

"Captain Rupert Gordon of the Forty-seventh?" queried Major Poole.

"The very same, a dark beggar, with a bad mouth and lots of money.

"Well, he was the man that set all the Dublin girls wild. They literally lionized him. He was douce enough there. He was asked everywhere, and old Peter Donovan was mad enough when he asked him for his niece and not for one of his daughters. They said the three girls never spoke to Kate for weeks.

"Poor Kate! She hardly knew what to do. She was very unhappy. She told me all about it one evening at a dance. She had a devil of a life in her uncle's house, and Gordon seemed very fond of her. She didn't know what he really was; neither did I, or I could have warned her. They were married in September. In November Gordon took her to the Riviera after the honeymoon was over. A fellow who met them there told me that Kate—that is, Mrs. Gordon—looked miserably unhappy, and people said Gordon ill treated her. However that may be, she did not stay with him very long. One day a woman appeared at the hotel where they were staying. She was a gaudily attired specimen, not overcultured. She registered as Mrs. Captain Gordon and forced herself into the Gordon private rooms. Gordon hadn't a word to say. He owned up that he had married her five years before somewhere, where his regiment was stationed—I forget where. There was a terrible scene, which ended by Kate leaving the hotel. No one knew where she went. My friend, an Englishman, who told me just what I have told you, tried to follow her and offered to do what he could for her in a monetary way. He was a gentleman and meant well by her. She refused all offers of assistance and disappeared as if the Mediterranean had swallowed her up. He heard of her again at Marseilles. She had been singing in a cafe there. She always had a passable voice and played the banjo well. Poor Kate! Her pride was dragged in the dust; her heart was broken."

Cholly paused to wipe the perspiration from his face and take a few sips from a tumbler beside him. The old major, for a wonder, kept silence, from time to time shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I suppose that is the first part of the story," broke in Andy Vicars. "It is deuced sad. Hope the little girl got back to her uncle."

"Uncle!" growled Major Poole. "Poor child! He didn't want her. He was a cruel hearted, mean old scoundrel, was Peter Donovan. He never treated the girl right when he had her."

Cholly nodded his head affirmatively to Major Poole's assertion and continued his story:

"This all happened four years ago. No one heard anything during that time of pretty Kate Donovan, for, you see, she wasn't Mrs. Gordon, after all. An aunt of hers did have the grace to write to me, making inquiries. She had heard that Kate was in the United States, in a place called Pennsylvania, and would I make inquiries, as I lived, no doubt, near there? You know, these old country people, as they call themselves, think that the United States are about as large as an English county."

"Do I know it?" interrupted the major. "Why, a lady in London once asked me to personally deliver a small parcel of china to her daughter because I lived in New York, near where her daughter was settled. I took the parcel, thinking to see the address of some street here. Where do you think the fair creature lived?"

"New Jersey?" hazarded Vicars.

"Maine?" queried another.

"No!" roared the major. "Idaho!"

"Guess you didn't accept the commission, major," said Cholly.

"Well, no. I relieved my mind by reciting sundry words not in Webster's Dictionary. Go on, my boy. Tell us all you know of pretty Kate Donovan."

"I came through Canada on my way from the west a few days ago," continued Cholly. "We changed ears at a place not far from Toronto and had some hours to wait for connection. Strolling around, I came to a place where a circus was in full swing—double tent, side shows, all complete. Consulting my watch, I found I had time to see the performance. An English steeplechase was advertised as the chief attraction. It had just commenced when I took my seat in the first row, close to the ring. I can hardly tell you my feelings when I recognized the first lady rider who entered. It was Kate Donovan."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the major. "Come to that?"

"Yes; it was Kate, graceful, lithe, nervy as ever, looking like a queen among those painted judys and rough men."

"How could you sit there and see it?" groaned Major Poole.

"I hadn't to sit long. I recognized her instantly, and, poor girl, she saw me!"

"Knew you?" gasped the major.

"Yes; she turned pale under the horrible paint and rouge she was daubed with. Somehow she seemed to lose her nerve all of a sudden. The horse, a vicious black beast, swerved to one side suddenly—major, fellows, I cannot tell it, it was too horrible."

"Kate Donovan to lose her nerve on horseback? I cannot credit it," said the major in an awed tone.

"I was in the ring and by her side in a moment," Cholly continued, not noticing the major's interruption. "She knew me, poor girl, when her eyes opened for the first time. She died with her hands tightly clasped in mine."

"Did she sa-ay anything?" asked Andy Vicars. "Did she tell you anything?"

"If she did, you're not the one I'd repeat it to," said Cholly fiercely. "The last words of a poor dying girl are hardly club talk, not if I know it."

So saying, Cholly seized his coat and strode angrily from the room.

The other men looked at each other significantly.

"He's hit hard," said the major. "Poor fellow! If you had seen Kate, you'd not blame him. I always thought he liked her."

And Cholly, as he strode along the street homeward, cursed his own folly in telling the story of pretty Kate to such an audience. "As if they cared," he muttered. They were a set of hard hearted, cold, cynical men, and he (Cholly) was a fool for telling the story. Somehow he had never realized before that he had cherished an ideal for the past four years, and that ideal was the woman who but a few days before had died in his arms. Tell that idiot Vicars what she said? Cholly smiled grimly as the thought struck him, for only he knew what those last words had been. They echoed in his ears even now in the din and noise of the New York evening:

"Cholly, dear—dear Cholly!"

If she had only said them four years ago, he thought miserably as he shoved his key into the latch of his home door.—Vanity.

A Dollar's Worth of Information.

Mr. Keep Cash—Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Cash—Yes, and sent him the dollar.

"What did he reply?

"Use cream."—West Medfield Windmill.

BANISHED FOR LIFE.

THE OUTCAST OF CHURCH ISLAND IN GREAT SALT LAKE.

He Has For Years Lived the Life of a Wild Man and Rarely Sees a Human Being Branded For Robbing the Dead by Order of Governor Brigham Young.

In the center of the Great Salt lake in Utah is a large body of land known as Church island. This land consists of mountains and valleys, with trees and vegetation, and has always been used as a herding ground for cattle belonging to the Mormon church. Several years ago the water on the east side of the island was shallow and cattle could be driven across easily, but now the water is deep and everything must be conveyed to and from the land in boats. A distance of about five miles covered with salt water must be gone over by canoes to get to or from the island. On this famous spot, amid millions of pelicans, sea gulls and other fowls, wanders a lonely old man, without clothing and devoid of language or any of the instincts of humanity. He was banished years ago by the Mormon church on the charge of robbing the dead.

Jean Baptiste was a Frenchman who came to Salt Lake City a young man nearly 40 years ago. He grew up among the saints, and, after marrying, was made sexton of the small cemetery. His duties were light and his remuneration correspondingly small. He resided in a little cabin on the mountain side overlooking the city, and spent his time, when not employed in the cemetery, in collecting junk and trading and trafficking with a few Jewish secondhand clothes dealers who had the hardihood to engage in business among the Mormons. A regiment of United States troops was then camped near the city, and the gentiles engaged in business were assured protection.

The little Frenchman was an avaricious man and was noticeable because of his picking up every cast away article and carrying it to his home. Old dry goods boxes, barrels, tin cans and other packing articles cast away by the soldiers were especially well cared for by Jean Baptiste, the sexton. He dressed as a scavenger and resembled the modern saloon loafer, who is always searching the slums for barrels and boxes of garbage and cast off garments. The actions of the sexton created some comment, and not a little curiosity was aroused among people who had occasion to visit his residence on the mountain side, over the city.

One day Jean appeared on the streets dressed in an elegant suit of broadcloth. A few days before a wealthy stranger had died and was buried in the cemetery. The suit in which the body was dressed resembled that worn by the sexton. An examination was ordered, and the corpse was found to have been robbed of its clothing. A committee waited upon the sexton and made a most startling discovery. The graveclothes of over 200 persons were found in the baskets and boxes stowed away in his ghoulish cabin. Excitement ran high in Salt Lake City. The boxes of clothing were emptied and the contents taken to the city hall, where many a fond mother identified the burial robes of her child. Elegant silk dresses, at that time a luxury even to the rich, were found in the various bundles. The man was arrested and cast into jail, pursued by a mob who sought his life.

Brigham Young, then governor and general dictator in Utah, ordered the man to be branded with a hot iron and banished to Church island. During the quiet hour of midnight Jean Baptiste was taken from the jail, and his whole forehead was seared with the following inscription: "Branded For Robbing the Dead." Two men escorted the quivering, naked form from the city of vengeance. A canoe was entered near the city, and the doomed prisoner was taken in chains to the island which in future was to be his home. Without clothing or food he was landed upon the shore, the boat returned to the mainland, and the ghoul remained a hopeless exile. He could not leave the island, because instant death would follow should he be seen by any of the inhabitants of the Mormon land of Zion. He was forced to seek food and shelter amid wild animals, the birds and reptiles.

The island was soon known as the land of banishment. People shunned its shores as they would a haunted house. Many persons were lost upon the lake while rowing in canoes against heavy winds. The general supposition of all was that those unfortunates drifted to the island and were devoured by the wild man. Even the fearless cowboy has ever refused to intrude upon the home land of the exile. Wild horses roam over its acres of broken canyons, rugged cliffs and grassy meadows. The sea gulls and other birds find a home undisturbed on the deserted shores. All the natives, including Indians, warn newcomers of the fate of scores of pleasure seekers who have been drifted upon the shores of the fated island. The crags, bluffs, dark caverns and lonely canyons warn every boatman nearing the shore to keep away from the hidden dangers.

In a dark cave about half a mile from the shore lives the wild man. His home is strewn with the wrecks of boats, bones of victims and other cannibalistic indications. Away back in the deep darkness of the cavern is his sleeping place, made of clothing stripped from unfortunate victims shipwrecked on the fatal shore. A collection of leaves, grasses and branches from the trees of the island forms the foundation for the bed, in which this human monster spends most of his time. Several hunters and explorers have recently viewed the man. He is described as old, stooping, destitute of clothing, incapable of speech and covered with long hair. Upon the appearance of man he utters a wild, weird shriek and rushes to the cavern, from which he cannot be induced or forced to return.—San Francisco Examiner.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT CHARLES KING

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Looking around the half darkened room, Armitage lingered long over the photographs which hung about the dressing table and over the mantel, several prettily framed duplicates of those already described as appearing in the album. One after another he took them in his hands, bore them to the window and studied them attentively. Some were not replaced without a long, lingering kiss. He had not ventured to disturb an item in her room. He would not touch the knob of a drawer or attempt to open anything she had closed, but here in quarters where his colonel could claim joint partnership he felt less sentiment or delicacy. He closed the hall door and tried the lock, turning the knob to and fro. Then he reopened the door and swung it upon its hinges. For a wonder neither lock nor hinges creaked. The door worked smoothly and with little noise. Then he similarly tried the door of her room. It was in equally good working order, quite free from squeak and complaint with which quartermasters' locks and hinges are apt to do their reluctant duty. The discovery pleased him. It was possible for one to open and close these portals noiselessly, if need be, and without disturbing sleepers in either room.

Returning to the east chamber, he opened the shades, so as to get more light, and his eye fell upon an old album lying on a little table that stood by the bedside. There was a night lamp upon the table, too, a little affair that could hold only a thimbleful of oil and was intended evidently to keep merely a faint glow during the night hours. Other volumes—a Bible, some devotional books, like "The Changed Cross," and a hymnal or two—were also there, but the album stood most prominent, and Armitage curiously took it up and opened it.

There were only half a dozen photographs in the affair. It was rather a case than an album and was intended apparently for only a few family pictures. There was but one that interested him, and this he examined intently, almost excitedly. It represented a little girl of 9 or 10 years—Alice undoubtedly—with her arms clasped about the neck of a magnificent St. Bernard dog and looking up into the handsome features of a tall, slender, dark eyed, black haired boy of 16 or thereabouts, and the two were enough alike to be brother and sister. Who, then, was this boy?

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully. Parade was over, and the troops were marching back to their quarters. The band was playing gloriously as it came tramping into the quadrangle, and the captain could not but glance out at his own old company as in compact column of fours it entered the grassy diamond and swung off toward the barracks. He saw a knot of officers, too, turning the corner by the adjutant's office, and for a moment he lowered the album to look.

Mr. Jerrold was not of the number that came sauntering up the walk, dropping away by ones or twos as they reached their doors and unbuckled their belts or removed their helmets in eager haste to get out of the constraint of full dress. But in another moment Jerrold, too, appeared all alone, walking rapidly and nervously. Armitage watched him and could not but see how other men turned away or gave him the coolest possible nod as he passed. The tall, slender lieutenant was handsomer even than when he last saw him, and yet there were gloom and worry on the dark beauty of his face. Nearer and nearer he came and had passed the quarters of the other officers and was almost at the door of his own when Armitage saw a little, wiry soldier in full dress uniform running across the parade as though in pursuit. He recognized Merrick, one of the scapegraces of his company, and wondered why he should be chasing after his temporary commander. Just as Jerrold was turning under the piazza the soldier seemed to make himself heard, and the lieutenant, with an angry frown on his face, stopped and confronted him.

"I told you not to come to me again," he said, so loud that every word was audible to the captain standing by the open window above. "What do you mean, sir, by following me in this way?"

The reply was inaudible. Armitage could see the little soldier standing in the respectful position of "attention," looking up and evidently pleading.

"I won't do it until I'm ready," was again heard in Jerrold's angry tones, though this time the lieutenant glanced about, as though to see if others were within earshot. There was no one apparently, and he grew more confident. "You've been drinking again today, Merrick. You're not sober now, and I won't give you money to get maudlin and go to blabbing secrets. No, sir! Go back to your quarters and stay there."

The little soldier must indeed have been drinking, as the lieutenant declared. Armitage saw that he hesitated, instead of obeying at once, and that his flushed face was angrily working, then that he was arguing with his superior and talking louder. This was contrary to all the captain's ideas of proper discipline, even though he was indignant at the officer for permitting himself to be placed in so false and undignified a position. Jerrold's words, too, had acquired a wide significance, but they were feeble as compared with the sudden outburst that came from the soldier's lips:

"By God, lieutenant, you bribed me to silence to cover your tracks, and then you refuse to pay. If you don't want me to tell what I know, the sooner you pay that money the better."

This was more than Armitage could stand. He went down stairs three at a jump and out through the colonel's garden with quick, impetuous steps. Jerrold's furious face turned ashen at

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.

the sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:

"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."

Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester was an old granny, who sometimes made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.

"After you, captain," he said.

CHAPTER XIII.

Once within doors it was too dark for Armitage to see the features of his lieutenant, and he had his own reasons for desiring to read them. Mr. Jerrold, on the other hand, seemed disposed to keep in the shadows as much as possible. He made no movement to open the shutters of the one window which admitted light from the front, and walked back to his bedroom door, glanced in there, as though to see that there were no occupants, then carefully closed it as he returned to face his captain. He took off his helmet and placed it on the center table, then thrusting his thumbs inside the handsome, gold broidered sword belt stood in a jaunty attitude, but with a very uneasy look in his eyes, to hear what his senior might have to say. Between the two men an invitation to sit would have been a superfluity. Neither had ever remained long enough in the other's quarters, since the exchange of the first calls when Jerrold came to the garrison, to render a chair at all necessary.

"Be good enough to strike a light, Mr. Jerrold," said Armitage presently, seeing that his unwilling host made no effort on his own account.

"I purposed going out at once, captain, and presume you cannot have any very extended remarks to make."

"You cannot see the writing I have to call your attention to without a light. I shall detain you no longer than is necessary. Had you an engagement?"

"Nothing of great consequence. I presume it will keep."

"It will have to. The matter I have come upon will admit no further delay. Light your lamp, if you please."

And Jerrold did so, slowly and with much reluctance. He wiped his forehead vigorously the instant the flame began to splutter, but as the clear, steady light of the argand gradually spread over the little room Armitage could see the sweat again beading his forehead, and the dark eyes were glancing nervously about, and the hands that were so firm and steady and fine the year before and held the Springfield in so light yet immovable an aim were twitching now. It was no wonder Jerrold's score had dropped some 30 per cent. His nerve had gone to pieces.

Armitage stood and watched him a moment; then he slowly spoke:

"I have no desire to allude to the subject of your conversation with Merrick. It was to put an end to such a thing—not to avail myself of any information it might give—that I hurried in. We will put that aside and go at once to the matter that brings me back. You are aware, of course, that your conduct has compromised a woman's name, and that the garrison is talking of nothing else."

Jerrold grasped the back of a chair with one slender brown hand and looked furtively about, as though for some hope of escape. Something like a startled gulp seemed to work his throat muscles an instant; then he stammered his reply:

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do know what I mean. Captain Chester has already told you."

"Captain Chester came in here and made an unauthorized inspection of my quarters because he heard a shot fired by a sentry. I was out. I don't deny that. But he proceeded to say all manner of insulting and unwarrantable things and tried to force me to hand in a resignation simply because I was out of quarters after taps. I could account for his doing something so idiotic, but I'm at a loss to comprehend your taking it up."

"The most serious allegation ever made against an officer of the regiment is made against you, the senior lieutenant of my company, and the evidence furnished me by the colonel and by Captain Chester is of such a character that unless you can refute it and clear her name you will have a settlement with me to start with, and your dismissal from the regiment"——

"Settlement with you? What concern have you in the matter?" interrupted Jerrold.

"Waste no words on that, Mr. Jerrold. Understand that where her name is concerned no man on earth is more interested than I. Now answer me. You were absent from your quarters for some hours after the doctor's party. Somebody believed to have been you was seen and fired at for refusing to halt at the order of Captain Chester at 3:30 in the morning. The ladder that usually hung at your fence was found at the colonel's while you were out, and that night a woman's name was compromised beyond repair unless you can repair it. Unless you prove beyond peradventure where you were both that night and last night, prove beyond question that you were not where you are believed to have been, her name is stained and yours blackened forever. There are other things you must fully explain, but these first."

Jerrold's face was growing gray and sickly. He stared at the stern eyes before him and could make no answer. His lips moved dryly, but made no sound.

"Come, I want to hear from you. Where were you if not with or seeking her? Name your place and witnesses."

"By God, Captain Armitage, the army is no longer a place for a gentleman if his every movement is to be spied upon like this!"

"The world is no place for a man of your stamp is perhaps a better way of putting it," said Armitage, whose fingers were twitching convulsively, and whose whole frame quivered with the effort he was making to restrain the rage and indignation that consumed him. He could not—he would not—believe in her guilt. He must have this man's proof, no matter how it might damn him for good and all, no matter whom else it might involve, so long as it cleared her precious name. He must be patient, he must be calm and resolute, but the man's cold blooded, selfish, criminal concealment nearly maddened him. With infinite effort he controlled himself and went on:

"But it is of her I'm thinking, not of you. It is the name you have compromised and can clear and should clear, even at the expense of your own—in fact, Mr. Jerrold, must clear. Now will you tell me where you were and how you can prove it?"

"I decline to say. I won't be cross questioned by men who have no authority. Captain Chester said he would refer it to the colonel, and when he asks I will answer—not until then."

"I ask in his name. I am authorized by him, for he is not well enough to meet the ordeal."

"You say so, and I don't mean to dispute your word, Captain Armitage, but I have a right to demand some proof. How am I to know he authorized you?"

"He himself gave me this letter, in your handwriting," said Armitage, and opening the long envelope he held forth the missive over which the poor old colonel had gone nearly wild. "'He found it the morning they left—in her garden."

If Jerrold's face had been gray before, it was simply ghastly now. He recoiled from the sight after one fruitless effort to grasp the letter, then rallied with unlooked for spirit:

"By heaven, Armitage, suppose I did write that letter? What does it prove but what I say—that somebody has been prying and spying into my affairs? How came the colonel by it if not by fraud or treachery?"

(To Be Continued.)

A Dangerous Passage in the Rhone.

Below Viviers the Rhone breaks out from its broad upper valley into its broader lower valley through the Defile of Donzere. Here the foot hills of the Alps and the foot hills of the Cevennes come together, and behind this natural dam there must have been anciently a great lake which extended to the northward of where now is Valence. The defile is a veritable canyon that would be quite in place in Sierra Madre. On each side of the sharply narrowed river the walls of rock rise to a sheer height of 200 feet. The rush of the water is tumultuous. In midstream, surrounded by eddies and whirling waves, is the Roche des Anglais, against which the boat of a luckless party of English travelers struck and was shattered a hundred years ago. Indeed, so dangerous was this passage held to be of old, when faith was stronger and boats were weaker than in our day of skepticism and compound engines, that it was customary to tie up at the head of the defile and pray for grace to come through it safely; but nowadays (with the same practical result) they put extra men at the tiller and clap on more steam.—Century.

A Powerful Burning Glass.

The most powerful sunglass ever constructed in France was that made under the supervision of the savant M. de Villette. This glass generated heat sufficient to melt a copper coin of the size of our silver 25 cent piece in 7½ seconds.

George Parker of Fleet street, London, made a glass much more powerful than that which resulted from the Frenchman's efforts. Parker's was three feet in diameter and so powerful that it was actually used to melt substances which were too refractory for the furnaces. The best authorities on heat say that it had a power of 166,362 degrees F. This is best understood when it is known that it only takes a temperature of 2,787 degrees to melt cast iron so that it will flow like water.—St. Louis Republic.

The ancient inks closely resembled black paint, and on account of the large quantity of gum employed in their composition the letters stood up in relief on the parchments as though embossed.

WASHINGTON OF CUBA

GOMEZ' SUPERB HANDLING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

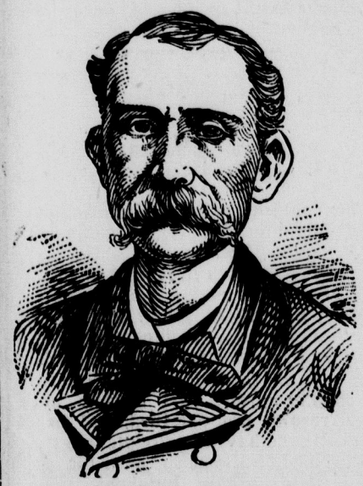
A Letter From an English Cavalry Officer Who Is Now on the General's Staff—The March From Santiago to Santa Clara. How the Warfare Is Waged.

The following letter is from a former lieutenant in the British cavalry, who, under the name of Stuart, accompanied one of the recent expeditions to Cuba, where he accepted a captain's commission on General Gomez's staff:

In the Field,
Near the City of Santa Clara.

To My Dear Friend—Tomorrow promises to be a very active day for us, and as the results of war cannot be safely predicted, I have made three copies of this letter in hope that one at least may reach the friend who so kindly opened the doors for my entrance into the army of "Cuba Libre." And allow me to state here that I am proud to be on the side of liberty, fighting under the flag of the single star, which in the near future is surely destined to wave over an acknowledged and independent republic. Whatever doubt may exist in the outside world is not shared in the ranks of Gomez's army. I never saw such faith, such confidence in a military leader, in my life. Napoleon did not get more devotion from his soldiers than General Gomez receives from the men whom he is leading on to victory. Neither man nor officer in the innermost recesses of his own private communion ever dreams of questioning the judgment or the ability of this great old warrior. I tell you he is a military wonder. He is a Cuban Hannibal.

As I told you in New York, I've seen service in South Africa and in the Sudan, but for planning and carrying into execution under difficulties a successful campaign this little old man "takes the cake." Its very audacity, when you consider our comparative paucity of numbers, our scarcity of ammunition,



MAXIMO GOMEZ.

is simply marvelous. Why, I haven't seen, all told, enough cartridges to supply a surveying party, but I am told we will pick up more in Matanzas. This present sortie is made on patriotic nerve, backed up by cane knives and good generalship.

"The rapidity with which we move keeps me all at sea. I used to occasionally ask where we were, but I've given it up now; I simply go with the crowd, putting in a shot when I get a chance, and endeavoring to direct my men toward intelligent and effective action. But in this so called guerrilla warfare but little direction is necessary. There is a degree of individual independence and responsibility to which in European warfare we are strangers. It works much better than I could believe. Don't think I mean that we are without discipline or direction. On the contrary, General Gomez's plans are most carefully conceived and his orders executed with a celerity and exactness which are inspiring. But every one of his men seems intuitively to anticipate the details of his desires. There is a certain goal, a general purpose which all seem to know and understand. Although surrounded by this peculiar individual independence, which seems strange in military operations, there is absolutely no friction. All are actuated by one impulse; there is no dissension from the controlling mind, and that belongs to Maximo Gomez. His will is absolute, and yet he says to each man: "Do not risk your life unnecessarily. You have only one and can best serve your country by saving it. Dead men cannot fire guns. Keep your head cool, your machete warm and we will yet free Cuba."

I have been with the general but a short time, but each day my admiration for him increases. He is a study in repose and in action, slender in build, not over 140 pounds in weight, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, straight as an arrow, although he is 60 years of age. His face is tanned, his hair and mustache are iron gray, his cheek bones are prominent and his chin firm. His cool, calculating eyes seem at first to absolutely measure you, and then the face breaks into a reassuring smile. His knee is stiff from a wound received in the last war, but in the saddle he is simply a part of the horse, or, rather, the horse is part of him, for he never seems to guide it. It would do your heart good to watch the old man lead a column through the canefields and forests of Santa Clara. He is never at a loss which way to turn.

We have had a fight every day since we commenced our march westward from the Santa Clara line, but nothing seems to daunt his courage and determination. We go ahead in spite of any obstacle the Spanish troops have yet interposed. Yesterday we came on quite an extended line of the enemy's front, formed to prevent our advance. The general halted on a little elevation of ground, stood in his stirrups a moment looking ahead, and then gave an order to our advance guard, who swung off to the southwest at a slow gallop; sent some word back to Maceo, northeast, and then our own cavalry, swerving a little to the right, got the order to make a feint at the enemy's left wing. The feint succeeded; the Spaniards immediately commenced to concentrate their troops in a little valley where they thought we would cross. I had considerable trouble in restraining my men from attempting to take a battery which opened fire on us when at a distance of 400 yards. We afterward learned that it was supported by 1,800 infantry. My orders were to make the charge and then retreat to the woods about a third of a mile east. The moment my cavalry commenced to fall back, a battalion of the enemy's infantry advanced in pursuit, but a kind of stubby brush greatly impeded their movements.

They were soon winded in the bushes, and before they could get out Maceo's advance guard commenced to pour in a galling fire from the north. They were soon in retreat toward their main body, and my boys hurried them along a little with close range shots from our revolvers. But ammunition is too precious to waste on retreating troops, so we made a detour to the southward and took up our original line of march west. Gen. Gomez with the main body of our troops had in the meantime pressed on ahead almost unnoticed and unmolested. We caught up with him at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I learned tonight that Maceo's men worried the Spaniards in the valley till nearly dark.

This is a pretty fair sample of our experiences each day, although I know things will get better as we advance into Matanzas. Our long and almost unbroken march from Santiago de Cuba to Santa Clara was interesting, although devoid of unusual incident. While I think of it allow me to make a confession. In spite of your assurances and those of the many Cuban gentlemen whose acquaintance I formed in New York there still lingered in my mind a kind of secret suspicion that I was going to meet here a motley combination of the ignorant negro and more or less savage white. You can therefore imagine the surprise and delight to find myself surrounded by men whose refinement and learning would do credit to any drawing room in Europe. Skilled physicians, engineers, lawyers, men of letters and representatives of all arts and professions are more numerous on General Gomez's staff than in any command with which I have heretofore come in contact. Kindest regards and best wishes for a happy new year. Yours for "Cuba Libre," Captain Stuart.
—New York Sun.

AN OCCULT DETECTIVE.

A Clairvoyant Discovers a Thief and Causes Some Sorrow.

Mrs. Emma Whiton of Hoboken, N. J., believes that she has had a practical demonstration of the value of clairvoyancy as a means of catching thieves. The experience was an interesting one, but nevertheless surprising, as the thief for whom she was searching turned out to be somebody whom she would have preferred not to have caught.

Not long ago Mrs. Whiton missed some silver spoons and a soup ladle. One day she visited a friend and chanced to speak of the missing silver. The friend told her that there was a clairvoyant in Jersey City who had a wonderful insight, and strongly recommended her to visit this person for the purpose of learning who had stolen her property. Mrs. Whiton followed the advice and learned many things which opened her eyes. The clairvoyant gave her a description of the thief, which corresponded with her nephew, Frank Van Wart.

Mrs. Whiton asked Frank the next time she saw him if he was a believer in fortune tellers, and he answered that they sometimes prophesied with wonderful accuracy. The aunt then told him the clairvoyant's opinion of him. Frank denied the allegation, but promised to assist in a search for the spoons and was very successful. He had to pay 60 cents to redeem them. A confession and his arrest followed, but Mrs. Whiton felt sorry for her nephew and did not press the complaint.—New York Tribune.

GREAT 3 CENT ROAD.

The Pullmans Said to Be Interested In the Enterprise.

Judge F. E. Dallenbaugh of Cleveland, attorney for the Henry Everett street car syndicate, is now in Chicago.

It is understood that Mr. Everett is planning to build an immense 3 cent car system in the Illinois metropolis, and Dallenbaugh is there to look over the ground. It is also stated that the Pullmans will be with Everett in the enterprise. Mr. Everett has a 3 cent system in Detroit, and petitioned the Cleveland council for a similar franchise last night. It is also quite certain that Mr. Everett will endeavor to place 3 cent lines in Cincinnati and St. Louis.—New York Journal.

Healer Mnason Dumped.

Huntsman T. Mnason, the leader of the "angel dancers," had an exciting experience in Hackensack, N. J., the other day. While driving down Main street his horse sank in a deep hole. Mnason was thrown over the dashboard of the wagon and struck on his head and shoulders on the hard ground, but escaped without serious injury. When assistance arrived, Mnason was sitting on the horse's head, exclaiming: "The Lord be praised. Glory to God in the highest."

That Lucky Institution.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kelly of Chicago, who has already endowed the University of Chicago with a woman's dormitory costing $60,000, has decided to erect on the university campus a chapel to cost $100,000, to be known as the Kelly Memorial chapel, in memory of her brother. The university has no chapel building at present.

He Knows War.

There is one soldier by profession who wants peace. General Lord Wolseley, commander in chief of the British forces, has exclaimed, "God forbid that there should be war."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

FAIR GEORGIA WOMAN.

Mrs. Robt. J. Lowry, President of Atlanta's Woman's Aid Society.

It is a remarkable organization of which the city of Atlanta boasts when it speaks of its Woman's Aid Society. It is remarkable, if for no other reason, because every one of its accomplished members is so thoroughly in earnest. Charitable work is some-

MRS. ROBT. J. LOWRY.

times, though sorry to relate, a fad picked up by society women who find in it a novelty and diversion from the usual round of receptions, teas and cotillons, and it also serves well to kill time during the Lenten season, when gayeties of fashion are put aside. But it is not that sort of charitable work in which these women of Atlanta are interested. They aim sincerely to make life happier and easier and brighter for the unfortunates of their city. At the head of the Woman's Aid Society is the brilliant Mrs. Robert J. Lowry, known throughout Georgia as a belle and leader of the exclusive set of the capital city. She has gathered around her a number of charming women, some of whom are married and some unmarried, and they, inspired by her goodness and noble charity, will doubtless make that success in their undertakings which Mrs. Lowry's good example and her interest always accomplish. Mrs. Lowry's beauty of face is as generally acknowledged in Atlanta as her beauty of mind and character. She has all the charms that make one attractive and she inspires with her sincerity and candor.

A FAMOUS ACTOR.

James H. Stoddart, Who Has Passed 63 Years on the Stage.

James Henry Stoddart is one of the grand old men of the American stage, and recently, in New York, he celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his appearance behind the footlights. On that occasion he received the greetings of all the leading English and American managers and actors in the metropolis and was made the recipient of suitable presents.

Mr. Stoddart was born in England in 1826 and was descended from a theatrical family. He was raised in Glasgow, Scotland, where his father was connected with the Theater Royal, and at an early age he began to act, first

JAMES H. STODDART.

appearing as a page. At the age of 17 he began theatrical life on his own account, and in 1852 he came to this country and played in Wallack's Theater, New York. He remained with Wallack four seasons and then joined Laura Keene's company, supporting Joseph Jefferson in the "Heir at Law" and "The Spectre Bridegroom."

From Laura Keene's Stoddart next went to the Winter Garden in 1859, under the management of Dion Boucicault, playing the character parts in Boucicault's plays. In two years he went to the Olympic Theater, managed by Mrs. John Wood. Here Stoddart remained five seasons, and here he scored his first great and striking success in the character of Moneypenny in "The Long Strike." In 1867 he returned to Wallack's and in 1874 became a member of the Union Square Theater Company. Some of his successes were won as Pierre Michel in "Rose Michel," Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners," and Col. Preston in "Alabama." Mr. Stoddart is a courteous and genial man and is one of the favorite actors of the old school.

It Seems Credible.

Gazpin—How old does a woman have to be before she can vote?

Hazbin—Twenty-one, I believe.

Gazpin—But usually she doesn't vote until she's at least twice that age.

Hazbin—I know it. You see she has to devote the intervening time to making up her mind how to vote.—Roxbury Gazette.

Extremely Realistic.

Playwright—Is her acting natural?

Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural! Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night an insurance agent who has her life insured for £2,000 and who was in the audience actually fainted.—Town and Country Journal.

"Hurry up, Maud. Mr. Jones has been waiting an hour already." "Humph! Let him wait. Didn't he keep me waiting three years before he spoke?"

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896.

LEAD AND WE WILL FOLLOW.

Editor Cunningham, of the Baden "Enterprise," is deserving of the plaudits of the people of San Mateo county for the able efforts he is putting forth to secure good roads for the county. This is the natural outlet for San Francisco, and if we have our thoroughfares in first-class condition they will be inviting for city people to drive through the county to enjoy its scenic beauty and warm sunshine. Then, again, wheelmen would frequent the towns in the county so what money would be spent on the roads would do more to advertise and bring immigration than any other means known.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

The "Enterprise" is in favor of good roads for the reasons above stated, as well as for other and stronger ones.

Good roads will not only cause "city people to drive through the county to enjoy its scenic beauty and warm sunshine," but will cause them to make their homes there. Our neighboring town of San Mateo—well named, "the city of beautiful homes"—owes its existence largely to the fact that wealthy business men of San Francisco have their country residences there, and while these people go and return to and from the city by rail, good roads for driving would add another and very strong inducement to city people possessing the taste for such recreation, together with the means for gratifying it, to make homes there and at other towns of our favored peninsula.

Furthermore, good roads would reduce the cost of maintaining our public roads—as compared with present cost—at least one-half. The annual saving in this respect would amount to an immense sum, and is the basis of the main argument in favor of good roads.

The "Enterprise" is not a county paper; it is published in a small town. The field of its influence is necessarily limited for the most part to its immediate locality, and, while we are earnestly and ardently in favor of good roads from a settled conviction of their importance as prime factors in solving the problem of the development and growth of this county, we are not so presumptuous as to imagine that any effort of ours will greatly influence or affect public opinion, or accomplish much in the way of promoting this much-needed improvement. We look to the "Times Gazette" and Redwood City "Democrat," old and well-known journals, published at the seat of county government and wielding a wide influence to lead in this as well as in all matters of public interest affecting the welfare, improvement and material progress of this county.

NEGLECTED RESOURCES.

In an editorial bearing the above caption, the San Francisco "Examiner" of Monday last very pertinently and truthfully remarks: "California's most serious drawback is found in the unwillingness of her people to use the resources and products at their doors. The amount of money sent out of the State annually for products that could be raised or manufactured at home is astonishing." The "Examiner," in the course of its editorial, says further: "When we wonder what to do with our grain land and bring our hams and canned meats from Chicago, . . . why should we not complain that money is tight and business hard to keep up?"

We have made the above extracts for the purpose of stating that there is no good reason why California should continue to bring canned meats and hams from Chicago. The Western Meat Company is turning out in its packing houses at this place all the prepared finished meat products, including hams and canned meats, fully equal in quality to the Chicago articles, and as to quantity, the amount is limited, only so far as hams are concerned, by the supply of hogs in the market.

Furthermore, the establishment of this industry here has already stimulated, and will continue to more and more encourage the raising of hogs in the State. The main difficulty, as the "Examiner" so pertinently remarks, is "in the unwillingness of the people to use the resources and products at their doors." The establishment of such an industry as we have here should be not only welcomed, but encouraged, and heartily supported by the press and the people of California.

A BIT OF ROAD BADLY NEEDED.

To the southwest of this town, about two miles is situated a big dairy ranch known as "Jersey Farm," of which a brief account may be found upon another page of this paper. This great ranch employs all told nearly one hundred men. It ships hay, grain and feed to the ranch each year to the amount of some 3000 tons. This property should be tributary to this town. Its freight should be shipped from our wharves and depots and much of the trade of its employes be secured for our merchants. This would doubtless be the result were our town of easy access by a good direct road.

The distance from this place to "Jersey Farm No. 1," by the most direct practicable route for a road is a distance of about two miles. The route as traveled at present is about three and one-half miles. The result is that all the freight above named is delivered by rail at San Bruno, and we never see an employe of the farm in our town. The opening of a bit of road from the mouth of the Jersey Farm lane, on Mission road, and a continuation of the same upon the same course would intersect the San Bruno road at a point just south of the marsh, and the entire length of this bit of new road would not be to exceed 3000 feet. The new road would be upon smooth, solid land, and not expensive to improve or maintain.

The opening of this road would not only render our town easy of access to Jersey Farm, but to the Silva Ranch as well. We cannot expect these ranches to open this road for the purpose of getting nearer to us. We must make our town easy of access, as we are the party to reap the benefit in increase of trade. We trust to see a move made in this matter at an early day.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES.

We want every citizen to help on the work of improvement in our town. There are many things we want for the general good. We want, among others, good roads and better streets; we want an improved fire service; we want the tree park and trees all on residence streets; we want the new church building, and we especially want our workingmen to own their own homes.

We cannot get all we want at once, but we can get it a little at a time. The spirit of improvement is alive, feeble as yet, and we must feed and strengthen it.

Let each and every citizen aid in doing this by improving his own home. Let the cozy cottage, or more pretentious residence, be re-painted, and the unsightly fence be replaced by an ornamental one. Let the grounds be provided with artistically laid out graveled walks and adorned with borders and beds of beautiful flowers. These will not only repay their cost, in adding to the value of your home and affording you daily delight by their beauty, but they will appeal to the sense of the beautiful in your neighbor and thus awaken or strengthen the spirit of progress and improvement within him. Like begets like. The spirit of improvement is contagious. A town or city of beautiful and artistic homes will not long suffer the lack of good streets or any other good thing.

Speaking about good roads, J. L. Maude, the civil engineer of the State Highway Commission, has given some very interesting information to the Visalia "Times" on the subject. Mr. Maude has investigated the subject in twenty-two of the Eastern States as well as California. He says it costs the United States $43,000,000 a year to haul their produce to market. Of this immense sum fully sixty per cent could be saved by proper road improvements, or in other words, by good roads. But the thing is to get the farmers to realize this fact. Mr. Maude says 1000 of the convicts of this State are kept busy crushing rock at Folsom under the direction of the bureau of highways. The convicts make about 1500 yards of broken rock a day. This amount will make nearly two miles of macadam, which should be put on a road five inches thick on the side and sloping up to the middle to a thickness of seven inches. The people generally know very little about the demand there is for the crushed rock prepared at Folsom. Mr. Maude says there are orders on file at present that will take fully two years to fill. Counties that need macadam to put on their roads will have to wait about that length of time for the material, unless some speedy way of crushing rock is devised.—Redwood City Democrat.

We are glad to see our brother of the "Democrat" begin the good work of bringing "the farmers to realize the fact" that bad roads are expensive, and that the saving to the people by reason of good roads would, in a comparatively short time, pay for their construction.

The "Wave," of San Francisco, has proposed Senator George C. Perkins as the Republican nominee for Vice-President. The states of the Pacific Slope are entitled to recognition by the National Republican party, and as the most powerful State of this group, California may well claim consideration. Should California Republicans decide to name a "favorite son" for National honors, Senator Perkins would doubtless prove generally acceptable to the people of the State, but in making up such decision the paramount question should be the interests of the State, rather than the aggrandizement of any citizen, however eminent or distinguished.

The position Senator Perkins at present occupies is one of great influence and usefulness, second only in dignity and honor to that of President, while the Vice-Presidency, save in a remote contingency not counted in practical politics, is an empty honor, a bauble which would be a bar to asking or obtaining anything else of importance for the State.

SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

The late cold wave with its touch of frost and sprinkling of snow, filled many with fear for the early fruit, but the cold wave has passed and all fear with it. The soft sunshine smiles again on orchard and field, and the balmy winds blow upon swelling bud and opening blossom in this blessed land of fruitful fields and never failing harvest.

PRESS NOTES.

PLANT TREES.

There Should be Hundreds of Miles of Nut Bearing Trees Along Our Highways.

The subject of wayside trees is one that should interest every property owner in Contra Costa county. Trees along our highways both in town and county would add a charming variety to the scenery and afford grateful shade in the summer time, besides becoming a source of revenue, provided nut bearing trees are planted. The "Gazette" intends to agitate this subject until good results are obtained, and hopes that all who have already planted trees will send in a list at the earliest possible date, giving numbers, name, variety, number of feet front on the highway, etc. This list will be published about April 4, provided a sufficient number of responses are received by that time. Let us wake up on this subject. If trees are planted it will add to the value of every piece of property which they adjoin. A resident of Yolo county, who is an enthusiast on tree planting, states that he recently made a sale of a valuable piece of property at a good price solely on account of an avenue of walnut trees a mile and a-half in length that attracted the attention of a purchaser. The trees were six years old.—Contra Costa Gazette.

THE LIVING PRESENT.

Time is more than money; it is opportunity. Loss of time is, therefore, loss of opportunity and loss of all that opportunity offers. And when we reflect how swift time is upon the wing, it is lamentable we should be so careless how it goes. You have read of the giddy spendthrift who wantonly burned gold bank notes with which to light his cigars. He burned his money just to see it burn. You exclaim of him "how wickedly wasteful!" But he who wastes his time burns that which money cannot buy and which is only less precious than human life. Therefore if we determine a thing ought to be done, how can we escape the mandate of conscience which bids us to do it in the present moment. When we delay we confess our weakness, our self-indulgence in the vice of indolence.

There is courage and conscience expressed in decisive action. And thus is the world moved and humanity uplifted.—Livermore Herald.

The United States has 1,300,000 miles of public roads. These highways may be divided into four classes—good, bad, very bad and medium, with bad predominating to a lamentable degree. We hear much discussion of the subject, but it usually ends by those most interested continuing to ride over roads that damage their vehicles and harness and shorten the lives of their horses, rather than submit to taxation for road purposes that would be far less expensive. In this enlightened age it seems remarkable that the present penny wise and pound foolish system of road making should prevail.—Contra Costa Gazette.

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LOCAL NOTES.

This column for town talk.

We have no unemployed in this town.

H. J. Vandenbos paid our burg a visit Sunday.

Mr. J. L. Wood spent last Wednesday in the city.

G. Virginia has rented one of the Company cottages.

James Kerr, of Lake San Andreas, was in town on Saturday.

Our freight shipments for January were over 10,000,000 pounds.

This town is destined to become a busy hive of varied industries.

The Wallace brick yard has doubled the original plans for its plant.

M. T. Healey has purchased the Neff lot adjoining his place on Linden avenue.

Leipsic Brothers recieved this week quite a shipment of lumber via steamer Caroline.

Tom Benners has been making some improvements about "The Court" the past week.

The buildings at the brick yards begin to loom up along our northern water front.

A party of four gentlemen were in town last Saturday looking for a site for a factory.

T P. Black has been acting as night engineer at the Pump House for the last few nights.

Dan Neville, the worthy constable of this township, was down from Colma Monday.

If you have any business for a Notary Public, you can have it attended to at the "Enterprise" office.

Frank Clawson is making many attractive improvements around his residence on Commercial avenue.

Peter Kelly, agent for the S. F. "Call," has added the San Jose "Mercury" to his list. Success to you, Peter.

Mrs.. Gaffney who has been quite ill the past week, is somewhat improved. Dr. Thrasher is in attendance.

Two of our gay young sports went out Sunday and captured two dozen frogs, some of them ten inches in length.

Miss Maggie Murdoch, who has been a guest at the "Baden" the past week, returned to her home in Fresno last Thursday.

Ed Daniels received last Thursday a well deserved compliment from Mr. G. F. Swift for the neat appearance of his meat wagon.

Frank Miner is making a good job of the San Bruno road work and is keeping the rock-crusher busy grinding up rock for the road.

The poll tax man is preparing his list and will soon visit South San Francisco; $2 poll tax and $2 road tax will make his presence felt.

With Wm. Rehberg as coachman behind a team of Wm. Rehberg's trotters, the Company's 'bus made a fine appearance last Thursday.

Miss Smith, the efficient principal of our public school, is preparing a roll of honor from each class. This roll will be published next week.

Mrs. Ann Lynd needs no incubator in her hennery. Last week one of her hens hatched twenty-three chickens from a setting of twenty-three eggs.

Secretary Maggs has issued a call for a meeting of the church building committee next Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, at the Postoffice building.

Our popular Assessor, C. D. Hayward, estimates that the tax rate for 1896 will be at least twenty cents less than last year. This will be good news to many of our heavy tax payers.

Fred Husted had the misfortune to accidentally cut his hand at the abattoir on Tuesday, and will have to take a few days of enforced rest in consequence.

Superintendent Patchell has rented the Edwards House. The house is receiving a thorough overhauling and as soon as it is put in order Mr. Patchell will move into it.

G. F. Swift, Edward Morris and Mr. Culver, of Chicago, with Vice-President Hough and Land Agent Martin, made a tour of inspection over the company's premises last Thursday.

The Citizens' Building and Loan Society is one of the strongest and best building and loan societies in San Francisco and this comment is a compliment of which we can all feel justly proud.

On Tuesday evening a watch and two shawls were raffled off at Neff's. George Driver won the watch and Quong, the sportive young Celestial cook, at Mrs. Cunningham's, won one of the shawls.

Mr. W. T. Neff gives a grand raffle next Tuesday evening at his popular hostelry. One gold watch, one pair field glasses, one set of silver spoons, and one set of silver knives and forks will be disposed of.

The Sierra County "Enterprise" says: G. W. Hansbrough has very flattering prospects in the Rising Sun and Early Dawn gravel mining claims near Sierra city. May good luck dawn on George W. and be followed by the rising sun of success.

Miss Katie Harrington paid a visit to her old home and old friends here Sunday. It was Miss Katie's birthday, the dawn of that magic year known in the calendar of a fair maiden's life as "sweet sixteen." Miss Katie received a number of mementoes of the day and occasion.

The secretary of the Citizens' Building and Loan Society of San Francisco, remarked the other day to one of our citizens that they had made six loans in South San Francisco and that every one had been clean and prompt in their payment of dues, entitling these securities to rank among their very best.

James B. Brooks, secretary of the Yerba Buena Mutual Building and Loan Association, of San Francisco, made his first visit to our town on Sunday last. Mr. Brooks came down from the city to take a look at the property of the Association in this town and was pleased with the outlook and predicts a fine future for our little burg.

A. Patterson was in town last Thursday. He expressed himself as being well pleased with the outlook for our town. "My property here," said Mr. Patterson, "brings me in better returns for the money invested than property I own in San Francisco and always has." Mr. Patterson is one of our pioneer lot owners and at the start backed up his good judgment by substantial improvements on his lots.

HASTY NOTES UPON JERSEY FARM.

Have you ever seen a great modern model dairy ranch? If not, you should do as we did on Tuesday last, see one and see the best one in your part of the State. California produces annually 50,000,000 pounds of butter and 15,000,000 pounds of cheese, besides an immense quantity of milk consumed in her cities and rural districts. The State contains many, and some very fine dairies, but few to equal and none to surpass, the great "Jersey Farm" dairy property, situated in our immediate vicinity. Beginning at its easterly line, which fronts on the old Mission road, and adjoining the lands of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, it extends westerly nearly to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and covers a total area of some 3400 acres. Of all this broad tract there is not one barren or worthless acre. From its smooth level fields of deep rich soil on Mission road, it rises in a succession of gentle swales and high rolling hills toward the Pacific. These hills are interspersed with lovely little valleys, park-like flats, groves of beautiful trees, and miniature lakes of crystal water, fed by living springs. The first thought after seeing these hills and valleys with their wonderful combination of climatic conditions and resources is that nature destined this land for the particular purpose to which its owner, Mr. R. G. Sneath, put it, when in 1875 he first established a dairy ranch here under the name of the "Jersey Farm." Here were grain and grass lands in proper proportion. Here were high verdant hills where cattle love to roam and breathe the pure, fresh air from the salty sea, while they feed upon the succulent grasses. Here were innumerable living springs of fresh water, supplemented by the fogs which roll inland from the briny waters of the ocean, to furnish life-giving moisture to field, pasture and grove. Here in these swales between hills were nature's sites for reservoirs, in which to store the waters of winter's floods for summer's use. Here were more than three thousand acres, in one compact symmetrical body, without one rood of stagnant bog or malignant marsh.

Mr. R. G. Sneath doubtless saw all this, and may be more; his discerning judgment approving, he determined to create here the model dairy ranch of the State. How well and how completely he has succeeded the public knows in a general way, but to thoroughly understand and rightly appreciate the full measure of success attained, one must see this admirably situated, well improved and perfectly managed property.

In the work of improvement all these natural resources have been seized and developed to the very best advantage. The land has been divided into a series of fields, each adapted to its particular purpose, and all arranged with a view to convenience in carrying on business.

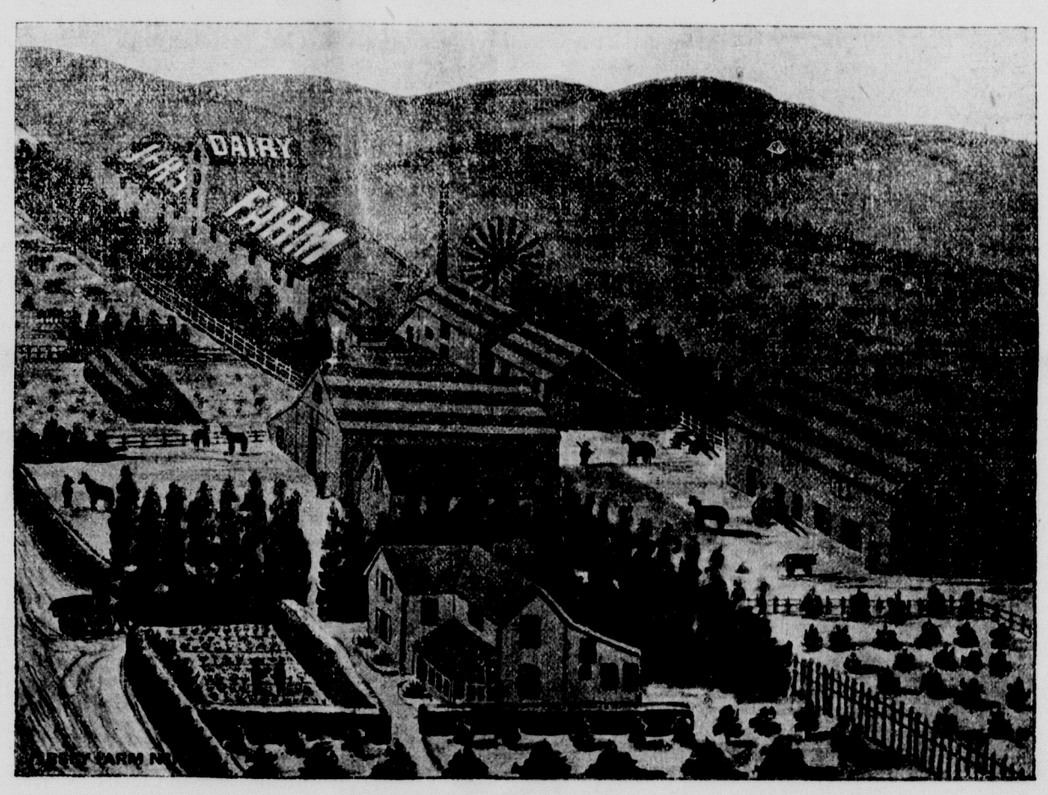
In locating and providing buildings and plants for handling the product the tract has been divided into two general subdivisions, designated as Farm No. 1 and Farm No. 2, or the lower and upper farms. Two large reservoirs have been constructed, the upper one being 400 and the lower 275 feet higher than the buildings and plant at the lower farm. These large reservoirs, as well as other and smaller ponds, are supplied with water from living springs and by the winter rains caught and gathered by the water-shed of the adjacent hills. Water pipes have been laid connecting the reservoirs and the ponds with the fields below and with the plant at the lower farm, and from springs to watering trough in every field, which are thus supplied constantly with clean, cool pure water. Thousands of trees have been planted around the reservoirs and ponds, around orchards, gardens, houses, barns and buildings of all kinds, and along roads and lanes, and have grown into great groves and long avenues of secure shelter and grateful shade. All roads and lanes, cattle yards and approaches to barns and buildings, have been macadamized with rock, to keep them solid and clean beneath the feet which must traverse them in the wet months of winter. Two-thirds of the entire tract has been seeded to the best and most nutritous grasses, while the level land of the lower fields is planted to crops cut to supply green food.

The main plant is at the lower, or Farm No. 1, which is the seat of management, and from which all the products of the entire property are shipped directly to the city market. The buildings and plant at Farm No. 1 consist of the residence, the coach barn, the office and sleeping-house for employes, the barn for draft and work horses, the blacksmith and wagon shop, the grist mill, the hose cart house, the calf shed, the can cleaning house, and the great cow barn, 50x250 feet.

The motive power used is water from the lower reservoir, under a pressure of 275 feet, which furnishes ample power for a water wheel in each of the following named buildings, viz., in the grist mill, where all grain and feed is ground, in the blacksmith and wagon shop, to run drills, lathe, saws and other appliances, and where the horse shoeing, wagon and other repairing is done, in the cleaning building, where the cans and milk vessels are cleaned by revolving brushes, and

in the cow barn, where a room is set apart and fitted with mechanical devices and appliances for cooling the milk and for separating cream from the milk to produce the rich, sweet cream, for which Jersey Farm has become justly celebrated.

Under all these barns and buildings are solid cement floors, perfectly sewered and provided with gutters to carry off liquid manure, surplus water, etc. Everything in and about the great plant is kept scrupulously clean and perfectly sweet; not the faintest trace



of any offensive odor can be detected any where.

About 1000 cows are kept upon the property, and an average of 500 are milked throughout the year. About three-fifths of the milch cows belong on the lower and two-fifths on the upper farm. The herds at the lower farm are mostly Holsteins and those of the upper are for the most part of the Durham strain. The quality and grade of these fine animals is maintained by a careful system of selection and breeding.

The milch cows are divided into lots of thirty each, with a milker for each lot or string of thirty cows. By a carefully arranged system of accounts and checks, the exact daily and monthly record of each cow, as well as each lot or string is known, and any falling off or increase in the quantity or quality is noted, the Babcock tester being used to determine the quality of the milk daily.

The product of Jersey Farm is the result of fine stock upon fine land all under perfect management. The milk from these fine blooded cows, breathing the pure air of these high rolling hills, drinking the clear, cool water of crystal springs, and feeding upon clean grain and the fresh, juicy grasses of green pastures, is rich, pure, and absolutely perfect.

In the care and cleanliness of its handling and manufacture, after it reaches the milkman's pail, its perfect quality is preserved unimpaired, these same careful methods extending to its shipment.

For the latter purpose, great thoroughbrace wagons, carrying from seven to eight thousand pounds each and drawn by four to six big draft horses, are used in transporting the milk from the ranch to the Jersey Farm city depot, at 837 Howard street, San Francisco.

CITY DEPOT.

The buildings at the upper farm are in general character similar to those already mentioned. The water for use in the house and barns is obtained from a spring—reached by driving a tunnel into a distant hillside—and piped a mile or more to a small covered reservoir, situated upon an elevation just above the house and barns. The product of the upper farm is hauled to Farm No. 1 and shipped thence to the city market. This portion of the great property is under the immediate charge of C. F. Trim, a most capable and courteous gentleman.

The general superintendence of the work upon both the lower and upper farms, has been intrusted to Mr. H. M. Hawkins, a gentleman of fine ability and sterling character, and with extensive experience in this business.

There are about 100 men employed and a like number of horses used in the various branches of dairy work.

An average of 3000 tons of hay, grain and feed is consumed annually in addition to the feed produced on the property. Most of this large tonnage comes by rail to San Bruno, whence it is hauled by wagons to the farms.

George R. Sneath, son of the owner and founder of the property, is its lessee and general manager. The perfect order and system under which the vast business of this great property is conducted with the evidence of prosperity everywhere apparent is the strongest proof of Mr. Sneath's ability, and, although comparatively a young man, he is already recognized in the business world as a man of fine talents and high character. Mr. Sneath has his general business office in the city, but resides at "Jersey Farm No. 1." Here the best proofs of the kind, just and generous qualities of the man and gentleman are shown in the respect and love of his employes and the regard and esteem in which he is held by his neighbors and friends.

Here, in the delightful residence building of Farm No. 1, flanked by orchard and garden, with a panorama of fields, meadows, and green hills as landscape and perspective, shielded by a great grove of gum trees, and embowered by a garden of beautiful fragrant flowers, this genial gentleman and his charming wife, have their elegant country home.

TOBIN, CAL.

The San Pedro school has opened with Miss Katie Gariseeno as principal and teacher. Miss Gariseeno's home is at Ocean View and she is a very bright and competent young lady.

Miss Mary Chambers, of the Mission, San Francisco, is spending a few weeks here, a guest at the Hotel San Pedro.

The B. H. Glee and Social Club made their first cross country run from the city to San Pedro Beach and thence to the Hotel San Pedro, on Sunday last. They found an elegant lunch spread for the occasion, with mine host, P. Gillolgey, of this famed hostelry, on hand, affable as usual, and prepared to make it pleasant for the members of the club, consisting of the following viz: Thomas Cummins, Wm. Lagrave. J. Castle, J. Sullivan, A. White, C. Nicholson, J. Bogue, W. Bogue, J. Johnson, R. Squaler, W. Zimmerman, F. Seagrave, J. Chambers, and N. Evans.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Taxpayer, Tobin, Cal:—The penalty for willfully and maliciously injuring property, whether done by a tenant or any one else, is a prosecution under the penal statutes for malicious mischief, or a suit may be brought in the civil courts for damages.

To obtain pay for work done for the county the claim must be sworn to, and if over time, or more time than was actually rendered in service or labor is charged, it would render the party making the claim liable on a charge of perjury.

Subscriber, Tobin, Cal.:—A young man born in this county, who will be 21 years of age prior to election day, has the right to vote and to be registered, though he may lack a few days of the legal age upon the day of registration.

The mild weather has made it possible to get into the Fourth of July country, on the Yahk River, Idaho, and many prospectors have now gone in.

MARKET REPORT.

The market on live stock is strong, and in good demand, except that sheep are now being sold alive at prices that are easier than they were a few weeks ago.

Hogs are in good demand at strong prices.

Provisions and Lard are in more demand, and selling at trifle better prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, ₱ lb, 5¾@6¼c; 2nd quality, 5@5½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4½@5c; second quality, 4@4½c.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lbs weight, 4¼@4½ ₱ lb; over 160-lbs weight, 4@4¼.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, ₱ lb, 3@3½c; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2¾@3c.

Lambs—First quality, ₱ lb, 2¾@3c gross weight; Sucking Lambs, $2.00@2.50 each.

Calves—Light, ₱ lb, 3½@4c, gross weight; Heavy, 3@3¼c, gross weight.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 5@5¼c; second quality, 4¾@5c; third quality, 4@4½c. First quality cows and heifers, 4½@5c; second quality, 3¾@4c; third quality, 3¼@3¾c.

Veal—Large, 5@6c; small, 6@7c.

Mutton—Wethers, 6@6½c; ewes, 5½@6c; yearling lambs, 6½@7c. Sucking Lambs, 9@12c.

Dressed Hogs—6½@7c.

PROVISIONS—California hams, 9@10¾ picnic hams, choice, 6½@7c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; heavy S. C. bacon, 11; med. bacon, clear, 6½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7¼c; light, dry salt bacon, 9½c; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10½c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, $10 50; do, hf-bbl, $5 75; Extra Mess, bbl, $8 00; do hf-bbl $4.25; Smoked, ₱ lb, 11c.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6½c, do, light, 7c; do, Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear, bbls, $14 00; hf-bbls, $7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, $4 50; do, kits, $1 20.

Lard—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	5¾	6	6	6⅛	6½	6⅝
Cal. pure	6¼	6½	6½	6⅝	7	7⅛

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $1 80; 1s $1 00; Roast Beef, 2s $1 80; 1s, $1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, $1 90; 1s, $1 10.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

THE . COURT.

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, : Proprietor.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS

Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE:
132 California St., San Francisco.

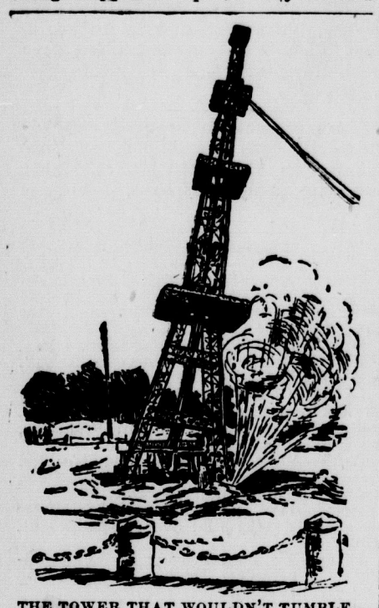
DAMAGED DOCUMENT

LEANING TOWER IN RUINS.

For One Day This 225-Foot Steel Shaft Resembled Pisa's Pride.

The last vestige of the great midwinter fair at San Francisco was removed recently when the tall tower on which the great searchlight was placed was pulled down after several days of hard labor. Dynamite was tried on the foundations at first without success. Enormous cables wound on windlasses were attached to the framework and pulled, while twelve blasts were fired in the four ten-foot cubes of cement that formed the foundation stones. With all that energy the tower only leaned a little to one side, and for thirty-six hours San Francisco had a leaning tower of Pisa. The number of blasts was doubled, more cables were attached, and at last in one long, grand pull, aided by twenty-four thundering explosions, the 225 foot shaft of steel toppled slowly over, bent and twisted into fantastic shapes. The iron was then broken up for junk.

The electric tower was a white elephant to the men who invested money in it. It did not come anywhere near paying for its construction. The company became involved in financial difficulties, it is said, and when the managers learned that it would cost more to take the thing down than it would bring chopped into pieces they decided



THE TOWER THAT WOULDN'T TUMBLE.

to allow the Park Commissioners to get rid of it. The tower stood in the way of a grand concourse that is being laid out. This driveway runs through the park in which the midwinter fair was located.

FIREDAMP TELEPHONES.

No Danger of Explosions in Mines Hereafter Without Warning.

For inventors the ever present danger to miners from firedamp has always been a problem. Sir Humphrey Davy, with his non-explosive lamp, decreased the chances of danger considerably, but the frequent fatal accidents reported show that the risk is still alarming.

At last, however, a French scientist, M. Hardy by name, has patented an invention which entirely obviates the danger, and has thereby earned the gratitude of the hundreds of thousands of workers underground in America and Europe.

Some years ago M. Hardy made a discovery, which he communicated to the French Academy, which reported favorably upon it, and suggested its use for the purposes of mining. Acting upon this suggestion the inventor has been working upon the idea ever since, and has now perfected a system by which any outbreak of firedamp becomes immediately known all over the mine that is threatened.

The system is a simple one. M. Hardy found that different gases could be made, when connected with a telephonic arrangement, to produce different sounds. The system he has invented connects all the shafts of a mine with a central point, at which an operator is stationed. Any outbreak of the fatal gas is immediately discovered by him, however minute its quantity, and he at once notifies the miners of their danger. They are able, therefore, to escape long before the gas could accumulate in any quantity sufficient to be dangerous.

The invention is already in successful operation in a few of the French mines, and will doubtless come into general use all over the world.

Perfumes.

In the collecting of perfumes two processes are employed. In one, the grease process, boxes with glass bottoms are prepared, the bottom being covered with pure grease or suet, and the flowers, gathered fresh every day during the season, are laid on trays in the box, the grease being left to absorb the fragrance. In the oil process the place of grease is taken by cotton batting saturated with oil, the process being substantially the same. In both cases the vehicle becomes impregnated with the essential oil and odor of flowers.

A Sea Term.

The meaning of A1 following the name of a ship signifies that she is perfectly seaworthy and insured at Lloyds' for the lowest figure. After nine years, unless thoroughly repaired, she sinks in estimation and is removed from the first class.—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Wickwire—You don't know what a grief it is to have a husband who thinks he is funny. Mrs. Watts—What is the trouble dear? "I asked him last evening to bring home some good up-to-date literature and he brought a bundle of almanacs."—Indianapolis Journal.

When a man begins to raise the devil he invariably lowers himself.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

GREAT VARIETY IN THE STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

Women Are Cautioned that Present Coat Styles May Not Last Long—Many Spring Designs in Dresses Differ Little from Winter Fashions.

Styles of the Season.

New York correspondence:

So much is being said about coat bodices, and so many of them in their various forms are being worn, that it is almost enough to make a woman forget that anything else is permissible. Let the accompanying illustrations, then, serve as reminders of the fact that there are other fashionable bodices besides coats. It may be as well to state here, too, that coat styles may not last long, just because they are already going the rapid pace that kills all stylishness by soon becoming common. Bodices that suggest a jacket in greater or less degree are plentiful and some of them are very handsome. The new ones are all marked by novelty, the elaborate sorts being frequently startlingly original. Then even the simple zouave jacket comes in for a new expression and is cut short and round under the arms and at the back, but instead of hanging open and

BLUE, IN SILK AND VELVET.

loose in front, a deep point of the velvet of which the jacket is made extends to the waist and is one with the jacket across the bust line. One edge of the jacket fastens to it near the shoulder, the other edge being permanent with it. This sort of thing can be worn with any gown, and the point down the front and the holding in place of the jacket make it more becoming than the usual loose-flying zouave.

When the jacket effect is desired as part of a dressy costume, it often becomes only the faintest suggestion. Two bodices of this sort, though as different one from the other as they well could be, are shown in these first two pictures. The first one is of cravenette, draped over a silk foundation and accompanied by a plain godet skirt. The bodice fastens invisibly underneath the overlapping right side, which is edged with a band of iridescent passementerie. Figaro fronts of the passementerie banded with velvet lend the jacket effect. There are now in the stores a great many figured stuffs in a wide range of prices that will be suitable for this model.

In the next model the bodice's points are long and sharp, and the fastening for the lining is in the center, the gathered vest of sapphire-blue velvet lapping over and fastening at the side. Made in the original of gobelin-blue bengaline, the edges of the silk fronts were embroidered with vari-colored blue spangles, a narrow border running around the bottom, and the tiny revers and square collar were embroidered to match and were also edged with bead fringe. Above this were a velvet collar

HEREIN SILK AND VELVET ARE GREEN.

and one of silk edged with bead trimming and wired in shape.

Beauty unadorned hardly carries off the palm in dress matters—at least, it does not do so according to the present rulings in bodices; but the dress that is simply made except for some ornate device embodied in it, is a sure winner of admiration if only that device of elaboration be harmonious and reasonably new. In the bodice next pictured these requirements are fully met, and the result is so daintily modest that the dress will be sure to be noticed among gowns that are far more elaborate and expensive. The materials may be chosen to suit the wearer's taste, but suppose nile green silk be taken. Then let the peasant bodice be of green velvet. It has long points in back and front and hooks on the side. The velvet extends in a point up to the collar and is richly embroidered with gold and

GREEN, IN WOOL, VELVET TRIMMED.

spangles. The full, fluffy yoke is of rose pink mousseline de soie, also the cuffs of the sleeves, but the puffs and plain stock collar are of the nile green silk.

Many of the best makers' designs for spring outdoor wear show but little change from the fashions that have prevailed during the past winter. It may, perhaps, be more accurate to say that the changes are slight structurally, but are yet quite sufficient to stamp the gown as brand new. A street dress of this type is depicted in the fourth sketch, and was found in a green novelty stuff showing a fine stripe of darker green. The blouse waist was shirred along the shoulders both in back and in front. The fullness at the back was laid in pleats in the waist, and the front had a boxpleat of velvet and dress goods. Buttons that were of no service than ornamentation were distributed as indicated, and so far no departure from models of the winter is apparent.

But the shirring of the sleeves at shoulder and waist gives a new effect, and the odd collar, with the extension of its green velvet upon the front pleat is entirely novel. Belt and turned back cuffs were of the same velvet. The skirt was full and plain, and the whole made a very tasteful promenade dress.

Whispers of tight sleeves for summer are occasionally heard; but they are guesses from those that await a change, rather than prophecies from the powers that direct fashion's shifts. It is safe to say that very little stiffening will go into sleeves, but much ma-

LAVENDER CLOTH AND PANSY VELVET.

terial is still used. Sleeves that droop slimpsily over the shoulder are abundant, and it may be that this outlining of the arm in drooping folds will in time lead to its being outlined by a tight covering. But it will certainly take considerable time to bring this about. The sloping effect is often given to sleeves by the insertion over the outside of a sleeve of a wide band of contrasting material. This band extends in a strap beyond the armhole, up along the shoulders to the neck band. It is possible to add such a band after the sleeve is made, merely letting the band extend from the collar right down over the shoulder and on to the sleeve to the wrist.

In the last bodice to be pictured the sleeves are capped by epaulettes of pansy-colored velvet, and the front and back of the bodice are of the same velvet. Lavender cloth is the fabric of the remainder, bib pieces of it rising from the belt front and back upon the velvet. These bib pieces and the epaulettes are edged with cream lace insertion, and collar, belt and wrist finish are of velvet with rosette ornamentation.

As to coat bodice models, every day brings more of 'em. They are now appearing in cloth. One of turquoise-blue had fluted tails that came almost frock-coat distance below the hip line.

Copyright, 1896.

Since the beginning of this century no fewer than fifty-two volcanic islands have risen out of the sea; nineteen disappeared, being submerged, the others remain, and ten are now inhabited.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example.

GOOD FOR MISS BALL.

The First Woman to Gain the Privileges of the Congressional Press Gallery.

The next edition of the Congressional Directory will contain this line in the list of newspaper correspondents entitled to the privileges of the press gallery under the very rigid rules that now govern:

"Topeka Capital—I. W. Ball."

In itself this does not appear significant, but the insertion of that line marks the end of a long fought controversy and signalizes the entrance into the gallery upon the same basis as the men of the first female correspondent. There has always been a conservative element in the ranks of the correspondents which opposed the entrance of women into the gallery, and for one reason or another previous applicants always possessed one weak point, which under the rules justified the standing committee in rejecting them.

But on Saturday the committee was confronted with an application that was proof, and as one of them remarked: "We had to grant it. The Rubicon, so to speak, has been crossed." But the spirit of conservatism is still strong, and while the committee could not summarily reject the applicant because she was a woman, as the rules make no distinction of sex, one of them said, "We can control the directory, so the name will appear as I. W. Ball and not Isabel Worrell Ball."

But here it is, and every one can read for himself the full name of the first woman to break into the sacred precincts of the press gallery.—Washington Post.

JOHN BROWN'S SWORD.

Relics of the Famous Abolitionist Sold For $51.

The sword and handcuffs worn by John Brown, the famous abolitionist, the former at the time of his Harper's Ferry raid and the latter at the time of his incarceration, which for 35 years have been in the possession of Daniel Lizer of Lincolnville, Ind., were sold recently by Mr. Lizer to James Eldridge of Hartford.

Soon after the publication of the paragraph that Mr. Lizer had the relics Mr. Eldridge wrote Mr. Lizer offering to buy them. The offer was declined, but Mr. Eldridge wrote again, and Mr. Lizer then said he would take $51 for the historical relics.

The other day Mayor James E. McHenry received a check for $51 drawn by Mr. Eldridge, with instructions to turn the same over to Mr. Lizer upon the delivery of the relics. Mr. Lizer was inclined to back out of the trade, but finally concluded to take the money, and the handcuffs and sword are at Hartford.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

STABBED HIS BRAIN.

The Doctors Say the Operation Was Entirely Successful.

Willie Frank, 16 years old, has been stabbed through the brain in four different places with a needle four inches long. He is alive, his mind is not impaired, and he will recover.

The boy went to the Manhattan hospital, New York, suffering with an abscess in the left ear. The bone back of the ear was chiseled away by the doctor, and then an aspirating needle was used. The object of this operation was to find the abscess and make a drain for it. The work was successful, and it is expected that Willie will be able to go out in a few weeks. The physicians say that the boy's mental powers will not be injured in the least by the operation. He could not have lived if the operation had not been performed.

ALL IN ONE BODY.

Movement to Consolidate All the G. A. R. Societies For Women.

Commander In Chief I. N. Walker of the Grand Army of the Republic has issued a general order in which he appoints Past Commanders In Chief S. S. Burdette, William Warner, A. G. Weissert, J. G. B. Adams and Thomas G. Lawler as a committee to act in unison with similar committees from the various women's societies to effect a union of all these societies into one body, that their energies may be concentrated and strengthened and all cause for divisions among the commanders of the G. A. R. may be removed. The movement is heartily indorsed by the members of the G. A. R. As there is but one Grand Army of the Republic there should be but one woman's organization.

Mean Trick on Dozing Officials.

Two Wichita (Kan.) police officers fell asleep at the Union depot on their beats the other night. A crowd of tramps found them, saturated their shoes with gasoline, applied a match and ran.

The policemen were awakened by the heat of the blaze, and not knowing what the cause of the fire was went almost crazy trying to shake it off. The act is called "hot foot" in trampdom and is the latest fad among them. It is not injurious to anything but the shoes, but a man not informed regarding it generally goes well nigh crazy.

New Pythian Order.

The first grand lodge of the Improved Order Knights of Pythias was organized in Indianapolis the other day with 54 members. The seven lodges in the state have a membership of 1,016.

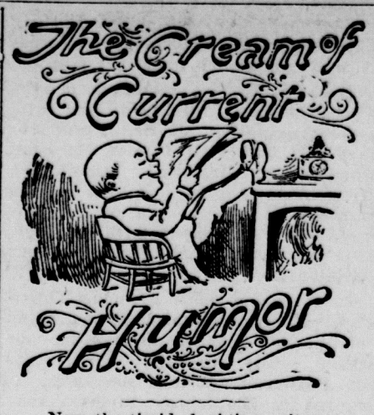
The improved order is composed largely of the membership that seceded a year ago because of a refusal to print the ritual in German. It is now a rival of the original order.

The New Woman's Latest.

The daughter of Landlord Sage of the Park hotel in Webster City, Ia., has developed into a pronounced type of the new woman. She has caused to be published in the local paper a notice stating that her husband must not be given credit on her account, as he has left the bed and board provided by her father.

What, Another?

It is now Haiti's turn to revolt.—Washington Post.



Now the timid, doubting suitor,
By Professor Roentgen's art,
May, before he speaks, discover
If she has a marble heart.
—Indianapolis Journal.

"Am so glad you had the doctor; did he relieve you?" "Yes; of $20."—Boston Courier.

Teacher—What was Joan of Arc maid of? Bright Pupil—Made of dust.—Boston Transcript.

Elsie—My husband is very hard to please. Louise—He must have changed considerably since he married you.—New York Herald.

"How many people will this car seat?" inquired the loquacious passenger. "Women or men?" asked the conductor.—Chicago Evening Post.

There was once a professor who, being asked what he knew upon a certain subject, replied, "Nothing; I have not even lectured on it."—Argonaut.

"Do you believe in luck?" "I should say so; snow last night blew off my neighbor's walk and drifted to the full length of mine!"—Chicago Record.

"Will you be my wife, Fraulein Paula, and make me happy?" "I am sorry, Doctor, but I should like to be happy myself."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Willie—I know sister would be glad to go skating with you. Ringway—What makes you think so? "She says she has been dying all winter to have you break the ice."—Life.

"You're the only doctor who advises me to stay at home. All the others say I ought to go to a winter resort." "I suppose they have all the patients they want."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Willie—What's the matter with your nose, Bobby? Bobby—Tommy Higginbotham an' me had a fight in school about some marbles. Willie—Who got 'em? Bobby—Teacher.—Judge.

Lawyer (a few years hence)—Make your mind easy. The jury will disagree. Prisoner—Sure? Lawyer—I know it. Two of the members are man and wife.—New York Dispatch.

"Dad, what's a running account?" "It's an open account with a dry goods store, my son, which keeps your mother running down-town all the time to buy something."—Louisville Courier Journal.

She—He whistled as he went for want of thought. Of course it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl whistling for want of thought. He—No; she wouldn't whistle; she'd talk.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Man wants but little here below"—
So runs the good old song;
If he but advertises, though,
He doesn't want that long.
—Printers' Ink.

He—Oh, dear! I wish I could get hold of some biscuits like mother used to make for me! She—And I wish I could get some good clothes like father used to buy for me.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wish those electric sleighs were in use in Pittsburg," remarked Miss Point Breeze to Miss Schenley Park. "Why?" "I understand they can be guided by the feet alone."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Charles—Really, I think that Miss Gray takes a good deal of interest in me. Henry—But you should remember that where the interest is large the security is apt to be pretty poor.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah! that's a great strain!" exclaimed the tenor, who was exercising his voice in his bedroom. "A great strain it is," replied his room-mate, "on those who have to listen to it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

We'll let these "barons" do their will,
Nor try to thwart their little game,
If, when the price of coal goes up,
The mercury will do the same.
—Washington Star.

Susy—Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, aren't you? Aunt Emma (hesitatingly)—Certainly, Susy; but it is not nice of you to ask such a question. Susy—Now, don't be vexed, auntie; I know it isn't your fault.—Herriedener Laubfrosch.

"What is the trouble between Axleigh and his wife?" "Only a little family jar. He was saying that he would give anything if he could have a wheel, and she suggested that he might take one of those he had in his head."

"I am going to propose to Miss Jinkles," said Whykins, thoughtfully. "Has she given you any encouragement?" "I should say so. Why, she is afraid I am pending too much money for bouquets and matinee tickets."—Washington Star.

Mother—Now, Willie, you've been eating mince pies till you've made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor. Willie—I say, if you are sending for the doctor may I have another mince pie? It won't make any difference, you know.—Moonshine.

"Excuse me, Mr. Barnothing," said the London lady to her very wealthy acquaintance, "but isn't mining very interesting?" "Very, ma'am." "I am very ignorant on that score. Tell me, do diamonds come in quartz?" "Oh, I suppose some people that work on a small scale get 'em that way; but I had 'em comin' in gallons, ma'am."—Washington Star.

PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE.

Woodman Hangs Up His Hat and Coat to Prove His Presence.

Squire Woodman of the Fourth Chicago district has adopted a novel as well as original method for letting Speaker Reed know that he is not absent from his duties in the house of representatives. Mr. Woodman's chair and desk are in the last tier of seats on the Republican side of the chamber. Just back of them is a large blue baize screen.

It is the custom of the Chicago congressman to hang his overcoat and silk hat on the pole of the screen, where both are in full view of the speaker and sergeant-at-arms of the house. Then the squire meanders bareheaded all over the capitol and is just as likely to be found ensconced in a comfortable chair in the senate chamber as anywhere else. Meanwhile the mute witnesses of his presence over in the house are a sure preventive against the charge of "absenteeism" being placed on the roll call.

Other congressmen invariably go to the cloakrooms on the Democratic or Republican side of the house as soon as they reach the scene of their labors, but so far Squire Woodman's hook in the retiring room has not been used.—Chicago Tribune.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

Cleveland to Inaugurate a System of Gasolene Vehicles With Cheap Fare.

A mammoth project for the transportation of passengers through the streets of Cleveland is now under way. The plan embraces the practical use of horseless carriages on time schedules, with various lines in operation over regular systems of streets. A partnership of wealthy Clevelanders already has been formed to carry out this great project, and a big corporation is to be organized eventually.

The first lot of carriages has been ordered, and it is expected that a part of the system will be in active operation by June 1. The horseless carriage motors to be used are the product of an inventor of Germany. They are noiseless gasolene motors of the most improved order. This make of the carriage is already in use, and there seems to be no doubt as to its perfect utility. The fare will be 2½ cents to all sections of the city.

THEIR DAY OF FREEDOM.

Prominent Colored Men Meet to Choose a National Emancipation Day.

A large meeting of representative colored men of the south was held at Memphis the other day with a view to adding a national day of celebration of the emancipation proclamation. Hon. John M. Langston favored Jan. 1. Professor J. E. Knox of Little Rock and Professor John R. Ruffin of Memphis also spoke in favor of that day. Resolutions were unanimously adopted making Jan. 1 the date of celebrating the gift of freedom.

A committee is to be appointed, consisting of three representatives from each state and territory, to select a place of meeting for the national emancipation celebration on Jan. 1, 1897. Prominent among those present at the meeting were J. M. Hill and Isaiah Montgomery of Mississippi, M. W. Gibbs of Arkansas and Hon. John M. Langston of Virginia.

BOUND TO HAVE ONE.

She Released One Man For $25 and Married His Friend.

Miss Rena McKay and Richard Ray of Greensburg, Ind., were to be married the other afternoon in Squire Powers' office, but at the last moment Ray succeeded in compromising for $25. Then a friend of the groom named Ed Bullard, seeing the opportunity of his life, withdrew with the girl and her father a few minutes, and when they returned their faces were wreathed in smiles.

Bullard succeeded in soothing the girl's lacerated feelings, and, hand in hand, went before the county clerk, secured a license, and at 7 o'clock the same evening the intended Mrs. Ray became Mrs. Ed Bullard.

TO HELP THE WOMEN.

Potter Palmer Sends Money to the Ladies of the Atlanta Exposition.

Potter Palmer of Chicago has sent his check for $1,000 to Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the woman's department of the Atlanta exposition. This money is to be used by Mrs. Thompson either in furthering any plans she may have for the Woman's building in the future or in any charity she may elect.

Mr. Palmer was greatly impressed with the work the Atlanta women have done, and as they hope to utilize the Woman's building for some permanent enterprise for the advancement of women he has sent the money with the idea of aiding them in that work.

Savants Going to Japan.

If the regents of the University of California and the Oakland board of education give their consent, a party of four astronomers will leave for Japan on May 20 to take observations and photographs of the total eclipse of the sun that will take place on Aug. 9.

The reason that the party will go to Japan is that the northern part of that country is where that eclipse will be nearest to the earth.

Selling of Wives Renewed.

The selling of wives by Italians in the coke regions around Dunbar, Pa., has been revived by the sale of a girl of 15 years of age to an Italian for $300.

The father of the girl had previously been offered $200. This suitor, however, was overbid, and the man gave his daughter to the one who offered the most for her.

A Book Announcement.

"The Romance of the Dingley Twins and the Bold, Bad Senators" will be the title of the next novelette published in our esteemed contemporary, The Congressional Record.—Chicago Record.

FROM actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder before the public.

W. T. Wenzell

Prof. Chemistry, College of Pharmacy Dep't, University of California.

BUILT THE WRONG WAY.

Why the Quaker's Chester Hogs Took No Prizes In Georgia.

"I never shall forget an incident which occurred at the first fair I ever attended in Georgia," said a retired Cincinnati meat packer. "It was at Macon, and I think they called it a state fair. At any rate it was a big thing for the town in those days. They had some fine stock on exhibiion, and a Pennsylvanian had sent down about 20 of the finest looking hogs you ever saw. They were mostly Chester Whites, and if I recollect aright they were exhibited by Thomas Wood, a great hog and cattle fancier of 20 and 30 years ago. He it was who introduced that famous breed of hogs, the Chester White, and he made a great deal of money out of his fancy stock. He was a Friend—a Quaker, you know—who used the plain language and wore a broad brimmed hat. He was a smart old gentleman, honest and prosperous. He sent his hogs from state fair to state fair, and they took so many prizes and blue ribbons that each hog looked like a boy who had spent all his money making a collection of badges.

"When the Macon judges made their awards, they gave blue ribbons very liberally to the razor backs, but not one of the fat, sleek Pennsylvania hogs got a prize. The owner of the exhibit did not understand it, so he hunted up one of the judges and said in the language of the Friends:

"'I know thee to be an honest man, and I do not question thy fairness in the award, but to gratify my own curiosity I would be glad to have thee tell me why thee gave all the prizes to the native stock and what fault thee found in mine?'

"'My friend, the committee admired your hogs greatly,' the judge replied. 'They are certainly handsome, and I have no doubt that in your section they are the best breed to raise, but they are not suited for this country. They are so short legged and fat that a nigger could catch them in two minutes. What we require in a hog in the south is legs and wind. We give our prizes for speed.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hungary Water.

The first alcoholic perfume was Hungary water, made from rosemary by Elizabeth of Hungary, 1370, she having procured the recipe from a Hungarian hermit. This perfume became popular throughout all Europe in that and the succeeding century.

A Sincere Wish.

She—I have an instinctive feeling that I can trust you.

He (passionately)—Ah, my darling, would that some others felt that way!—London Tit-Bits.

Many people like to be called bad in a laughing sort of way.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—*Salem Observer.*

An article of great merit and virtue.—*Chas. Nonpareil.*

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—*Cincinnati Dispatch.*

A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—*Tenn. Organ.*

It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Newport (Ky.) Daily News.*

It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many Physicians.—*Boston Traveller.*

Beware of imitations, buy only the genuine made by "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere, large bottles, 25 and 50c.

Mr. A. H. Cransby, of No. 153 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. S. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound and well.

Our treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

He Expressed His Opinion.

One of the most prominent physicians in Washington owns a farm somewhere in New England, and whenever he gets unbearably tired of his fashionable patients in town he goes there, puts on his oldest clothes, lays in a stock of corn-cob pipes and rusticates. One day last summer he was jogging lazily along a country road in a rickety old cart drawn by a horse almost as rickety. A countryman walking on the same road asked for a lift and the two fell into conversation.

"Who are you working for?" asked the countryman.

"Oh, I'm working for Dr. J., down there," answered the physician.

"What doin'?"

"Oh," went on the doctor, "I do everything for him. I take care of him, you know. I dress him and I feed him, and I even wash his face and put him to bed. I do everything he needs done."

"How much d'ye get for it?" asked the native.

"My board and clothes."

"An' you do all that for him—wash him, an' dress him, an' feed him, an' all that?"

"Yes."

The countryman looked at the doctor a moment in silence. Then he leaned over the wheel and spat solemnly.

"Well, of all the dern fools I ever see!" was all he said.—Washington Post.

Is a Countess and a Brewer.

A unique occupation for a woman is reported from Berlin. The proprietor of a large brewery there received a request from a Russian lady to be shown the interior arrangements of the brewery. After looking at various processes through which the golden beverage has to go the lady inquired for several details of the pneumatic machinery in the malthouse, which proved to the brewer, to his great surprise, that she was perfectly familiar with every detail of the entire complicated machinery. Upon inquiry it was learned that the lady, a Russian countess, had a large acreage of barley growing on her estate, and in order to increase her revenue from this source she had built a brewery, which she managed all alone. She was interested very much in the pneumatic malting apparatus because she could not get skilled labor necessary for the production of malt on her Russian estates. Tasting the product of the Berlin brewery, she stated that her own beer was not much inferior to the German product. When a few days later the brewer received some samples of the lady's Russian beer, he pronounced it excellent and not inferior in any respect to the best Bohemian or German beer. This lady is believed to be the only woman brewer in Europe.—Philadelphia Record.

DRAWN BY FIRE.

Rats Are Thus Attracted and Frequently Rush Madly to Death.

"It is an indisputable fact that fire will draw rats," said Louis Simonds, of St. Louis. "During a recent big fire near the river bank in St. Louis a fire brigade acted the part of Pied Piper of Hamelin, and, with the assistance of the flames, drove out of their hiding places into the Mississippi as many rats as did the mythological musician. While the water was lighted by the reflection of the conflagration, a black mass was seen floating toward the east shore of the river. This proved to be some thousands of rats. They were headed by their chieftain, an extraordinarily large, black fellow, and, finding their quarters attacked by the flames, had taken to the river for self-preservation. The current carried them a considerable distance out of their course, and during their passage some hundreds of them were drowned. Spectators on the bridge made bets on the race, but were all declared off, because, on the Illinois side, there was no landing place handy for the fatigued rats, and as far as could be seen, with the exception of the stronger fellows, the whole bunch perished in the river."

The Cell Enjoins the Church.

A stereopticon lecture on "The Downfall of Cal Armstrong, the Plunger," was billed for the Quaker church at Kokomo, Ind. Young Armstrong, now in the penitentiary for embezzling $43,000 while deputy treasurer of Tipton county and losing it on the race track, learned that he was to be held up as a horrible example and telegraphed to attorneys to file injunction proceedings against the church people, restraining them from using his name. The attorneys prepared to file the suit, whereupon the church agreed to omit all personal reference to Armstrong in the lecture.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Just Like a Man For All the World.

The mighty feminine mind is nowhere more resplendent than in the elaboration of cooking recipes. "Bake a duck 40 minutes," says the lady cooking teacher. If the clumsy masculine intellect were preparing the recipe, undoubtedly it would say bake 40 minutes in an oven heated to a given temperature. The lady teacher, however, with sublime faith in the intuitional faculty of the cook, says merely bake so long, whether the oven be redhot or nearly cold.—Amsterdam (N. Y.) Democrat.

CHASED BY A TIN BUG.

An Unfortunate Woman in Broadway, New York.

Among the soul-terrifying mechanical toys which infest the pavements of lower Broadway, none is so distressing as the green beetle, which is a favorite among the fakirs in that locality.

One might look for straightforwardness in a bug whose entire powers of locomotion are included in a spool and an elastic band wound up tight, but somewhere in this simple combination lurks possibilities of diabolical ingenuity. A few twists of the fakir's fingers and the bug is ready for business. At first he trundles along at a good pace, evincing a disposition to shape his course on circular lines; but let a crusty-looking man or a timid-looking woman draw near and all that is most devilish in the spool, which passes for the beetle,'s heart, comes to the surface. The bug slows down as if there were hardly an iota of motion left in it until the victim is within easy reach when it darts forward and gets the unfortunate passerby into a state of distraction by rattling about under his or her feet. One of these bugs chased a woman up on the stone coping that bounds Trinity churchyard the other day, and tried to climb up after her while she clung to the railing and screamed:

"Take it away! Oh, somebody chase it away!"

"It ain't nothin' but tin, lady," said the fakir who owned the beetle. "It ain't agoin' to hurt yer none. Buy one to take home to the children."

"I won't move a step till you hold it," insisted the woman. "I don't care what it's made of. It chased me. Take it away!"

And the fakir had to hold his tin creature down to the sidewalk while the terrified woman braved the perils of a crowded crossing and reached the other side of the street.—New York Sun.

Bluejay and Acorn.

A comical sight it is to see a bluejay eat an acorn! He pecks it gently at first to break the shell, pecking it harder as he finds the acorn matching him, looks at it in an astonished manner, tries once more, when his greed overcomes propriety, and he takes the great morsel in his mouth and assumes the attitude, and attempts the act of deglutition, much like a child swallowing a pill. It doesn't go. But it must. He swallows again, makes a series of powerful gulps and gasps, and it is down at last, distending his throat and perceptibly all the way. He subsides a minute, looks rather foolish, gives a final gulp, and then the handsome glutton is off for another nut.—Lewiston Journal.

Up In the Morning.

The servant question would be easily solved if all girls were as smart as the one in the following story:

A mother, commending her daughter for a situation, was asked if she was an early riser.

"An early riser!" she exclaimed. "Well, I should think so! Why, she's up in the morning and has breakfast ready and makes all the beds before any one else is up in the house!"—Youth's Companion.

WHY NOT.

It is said that if we take care of little things, the big things will take care of themselves. But why can't we be always prepared for many of our little troubles. What's the use of suffering days and weeks, when in ten minutes we can get rid of the pain. A sudden attack of backache, toothache, or neuralgic headache, finds the most of us without anything at hand, while St. Jacobs Oil would cure and put an end to the trouble promptly.

First Child—So that is the king of beasts? Second Child—Cert. Look at that Paderewski hair.

STOP, THIEF!

Stop a small malady, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of waning vitality is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews vigor, flesh and nerve quietude because it restores activity to those functions whose interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints and biliousness.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

FOR MARCH, APRIL AND MAY!

Paine's Celery Compound the Best Spring Remedy To-day in All the World.

It Purifies the Blood as Nothing Else Can Do--It is Food for the Tired Brain--It Makes Strong Nerves.

Publicly Recommended as No Remedy of Any Kind Ever Was Before by Thousands Whom It Has Made Well.

Endorsed and Prescribed by the Ablest Physicians in Every City in America.

Where every other remedy has failed Paine's celery compound has made people well!

It cures disease! It has saved the lives of thousands of sufferers. It has made the weak strong.

Paine's celery compound purifies the blood as nothing else can do; it is nature's brain food; it builds up the shattered nerves; it is preeminently the one great health-maker known to medicine.

First discovered after laborious, studious, scientific research by the ablest physician America has produced, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College, it is prescribed and publicly indorsed by the best practitioners in every city of America. It has been so enthusiastically recommended by grateful men and women in every walk of life that it is to-day in every sense the most popular remedy in the world.

It has proven itself so easily the greatest of all spring medicines, making the weak strong and the infirm well, that in the big cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis and the rest, the leading newspapers, making their own canvasses again this year, have found that the demand for Paine's celery compound as far surpasses that of all other remedies as the curative power of this great compound surpasses that of all others together!

Paine's celery compound, taken during the early spring days, has even more than its usual remarkable efficacy in making people well. It makes short work of all diseases of debility and nervous exhaustion. It rapidly drives out neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and rheumatism from the system. It removes the lassitude, or "tired feeling," which betokens weakened nerves and poor blood.

Overworked and tired women are but one class of persons who are in urgent need of this wonderful remedy to make and keep them well. Business men who are not sleeping soundly, shop girls made pale and sickly by long hours of indoor work, and the countless sufferers from dyspepsia, kidney and liver trouble, need the invigorating effect of Paine's celery compound now that spring with all its dangers, is at hand. Its preeminence as a health-maker comes from its extraordinary powers of supplying appropriate nutriment to the blood, nerves and brain.

Just as the great lawyer studies each one of his cases till he knows it on every side, and in every possible aspect, so Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L.L. D., of Dartmouth College, the discoverer of Paine's celery compound, has studied the nerves in health and disease, when well nourished and when under-nourished, in men and women and children years before he looked for the remedy. Paine's celery compound was the outcome of his entire professional life. A fitting memorial to a life of hard study and close observation—a remedy that the world could not lose to-day, at any price.

Take advantage of the remarkable power of this greatest of all remedies for restoring vigor to the blood and strength to the nervous system. In these first days of spring one has every chance for getting well. Don't neglect it.

Paine's celery compound calms and equalizes all the nervous tissues and induces the body to take on solid flesh. It purifies the blood, as is so clearly shown by the rapid clearing of the skin of all evidences of bad humors within. It is an infallible relief for salt rheum, eczema and all blood diseases.

Physicians recognize Paine's celery compound as the one scientific spring remedy, and it is universally prescribed by them wherever there is great need of a vigorous and prompt restoring of health and strength to the worn-out system.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Tea Garden Drips is Best Sugar Syrup for table use ever offered to the public. Makes delicious taffy candy. First-class dealers sell it.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

F. M. Peter, leading costumer, theatrical, masquerade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Ask for them—get them, plant them. They are the standard seeds everywhere; sown by the largest planters in the world. Whether you plant 50 square feet of ground or 50 acres, you should have Ferry's Seed Annual for '96. The most valuable book for farmers and gardeners ever given away. Mailed free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

THE BEST IN AMERICA

W. G. Woods & Co's.
"Castlewood" Kentucky Bourbon
Cartan, McCarthy & Co.
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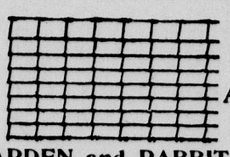

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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